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TIME



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TABER (RIGHT) WITH FARMER IN PORTUGAL

BUREAU CHIEF SCOTT

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

For Paris Correspondent George Taber, it was a routine background lunch. Assigned to keep a running watch on events in Portugal, Taber talked politics in a Right Bank bistro with Mário Soares, an obscure exile who was teaching Portuguese and history at a French university. Since that meeting a year and a half ago, Soares has returned home to lead Portugal's powerful Socialist Party, and Taber has visited Lisbon several times to report on "the Revolution of the Flowers" (named for the red carnations that symbolized the Armed Forces Movement).

For this week's cover story on Portugal's rapidly changing scene, Taber toured the countryside, where the Communist Party's grasp for power has stirred a violent reaction. In Aveiro in northern Portugal, he talked with Catholic foes of the Communists and visited a debris-strewn Communist headquarters that had been wrecked by angry townspeople. The local Communist boss at first refused to talk with the "fascist reactionary press, who only tell lies about us," but agreed to do so after he learned that Taber had already interviewed Communist Leader Alvaro Cunhal.

Madrid Bureau Chief Gavin Scott did most of the reporting from Lisbon, where he has good sources close to the ruling three-man junta. "Some of the military and government officials may say they are indifferent to world attention," Scott reports, "but from my experience, they seem to relish it." Within 48 hours of his arrival in the Portuguese capital in October 1974, Scott had arranged to talk with the President, the Premier, and the chief of the nation's Communist Party. The accessibility and volubility of Portuguese leaders contrasts sharply with the remoteness of government officials in his home base, Franco's Spain. There, he plots appointments for interviews well in advance and finds that "covering politics in Madrid is a relentless search for holes in the monolith."

On his many visits to Portugal in the past year, Scott has had only one disagreeable incident: his suitcase was delivered from his plane to the Lisbon terminal bearing the inscription "You are a fascist." "It was doubtless the work of an anonymous baggage handler giving vent to free expression," says Scott imperturbably, "a liberty I personally hope he continues to enjoy."

Ralph P. Davidson

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Decision '75:

Will the nation stand behind the President's commitment to coal?

To move America closer to its goal of energy independence by 1985, President Ford has called on the nation to make greater use of its single largest domestic energy resource, coal. Immediately after the President's State of the Union message, a group of 32 eminent scientists, including 11 Nobel Prize winners, took a similar stand, calling for a greater use of coal and uranium.

Now the question is, will the country make the same commitment?

Among the President's proposals: more electric generating plants converting to coal, renewed coal leasing on federal lands, hundreds of new mines, an aggressive synthetic fuels program, a stronger transportation system. These are giant plans. They will require enormous investments by—and in—the coal industry. About \$21 billion, in fact. To attract such massive amounts of venture capital, there must be a legislative policy which reduces the risk of investment in coal to that comparable with other industries.

This is where the nation's commitment to coal becomes vital. Without it, all Americans are left vulnerable to the fluctuations of energy supplies beyond our control.

Send for our free booklet, "Decision '75: Coal is the answer." Then, if you have unanswered questions, write us. But if you agree that the nation's commitment to coal must match the President's, tell the people working on the problem.

Think of it as your commitment to America's commitment.

National Coal Association, 1130 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.



Coal is the answer. Now.

Shaking Hands in Space

To the Editors:

The only good thing about the flight [July 21] is that Americans are shaking hands with Russians in space, but they could do the same on earth.

Kurt Sitterly
Johns Island, S.C.

The cover illustrates very well that the Russians have got us.

D. Vincent O'Connor
North Adams, Mass.

Millions for handshakes in space. Billions for confrontation on earth.

Harry Hess
Bangor, Pa.

Critics of the mission who have complained that the Soyuz spacecraft is too "primitive" to bother docking with



should realize that if it weren't for the launching of that spacecraft, we would not be launching an Apollo for any reason. The Soyuz program, however primitive it may be, is still advancing steadily. By contrast, Apollo and Skylab are dead. When viewed in this light, it is actually the Soviets who are condescending to dock with us. Soyuz is just coming into its own, while Apollo is putting on its encore performance.

The space program the U.S. needs now is one that advances steadily and keeps the highly trained space team together. If this can be done with Russian cooperation, so much the better. But it still should be done.

Leigh Catchepaugh
Agawam, Mass.

The historic Apollo-Soyuz handshake in space constitutes a dramatic repudiation of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's unmistakable efforts to sow hatred in the hearts of Americans. In a Rasputin-like manner, he unmasked himself when

he implied that America should have fought against the Russians instead of with them against the Nazis.

Karl Zerk
Los Angeles

Mr. Solzhenitsyn may well differ with Mr. Kissinger simply because he knows more about Russia.

Gordon M. Jones
Holland, Mich.

Ford's Stand

Where does Gerald Ford stand on the environment [July 14]? He stands on a strip-mined ravaged mountain breathing dirty air.

If the Federal Government would implement a national coal policy, states like West Virginia that have huge reserves of high-quality low sulfur coal, most of which is mined underground, might be able to compete with the Arab states. More important, they could provide our nation with clean air, a favorable balance of payments, higher employment and greater economic and energy independence.

Kendrick King
War, W. Va.

Teddy and Truth

I was amused by the article "Legislate the Truth?" [July 21], wherein you reported that the staff of Senator Edward Kennedy is drafting a bill to declare it a crime for any Government official knowingly to mislead or lie to the public.

Wouldn't it be ironic if he became the first victim of his own bill by being indicted, prosecuted and convicted for his televised explanation to the American public of what really happened that night at Chappaquiddick?

Richard N. McKee
New Castle, Pa.

The Rustin Way

The conclusion of TIME's survey of modern capitalism [July 14] is that "there is no alternative that credibly promises both wealth and liberty." Nonsense. Defenders of capitalism (TIME included) naturally propose Communism as the only alternative, since nobody wants that oppressive system. The real alternative to both systems is democratic socialism, which can be achieved through reform and evolution—precisely what has been happening in America. As socialists work to modify the system toward even greater democracy and equality, the specter of authoritarianism will be raised. Yet America has been

moving toward socialism for four decades, and our system provides greater liberty today than ever before.

Bayard Rustin, National Chairman
Social Democrats, U.S.A.
New York City

TIME noted correctly that capitalist societies have, by and large, met the economic needs of their citizens, while collective societies have failed miserably. I was pleased also that TIME noted the inextricable link between economic and political freedom.

I must quarrel with one point. John Maynard Keynes may "often" have been called the "savior of capitalism" but not by those familiar with free market economics. Keynes preached government interventionism, which is antithetical to the doctrines of Adam Smith. "In the long run we are all dead," Keynes said in dismissing the long-term consequences of his tampering with the free market. Well, Keynes is dead but we are not, and the chickens he hatched are coming home to roost.

John Tower
U.S. Senator, Texas
Washington, D.C.

The Inscrutable West

I couldn't help laughing as I read "Mao à la Mode" [July 21]. No real Chinese looks that ridiculous. Even a coolie would crack up looking at those pictures. If I were wearing those stupid clothes, I'd be too embarrassed to leave my rice paddy.

Rose Chu
Coshocton, Ohio

Isn't that just swell? After all the helpful suggestions on how to make my Chinese hair, Chinese eyes, Chinese nose, Chinese mouth and round face look more Western, I am now told that the Chinese Look is current chic. Oh, those inscrutable Westerners.

Maylun Buck-Lew
Providence

No Frolicking

In your article about Gay Talese's book on sex [July 21], the erotic connotation of your words "frolicking in nudist camps" offends us. We invited Mr. Talese to visit our resort so that he could see our facilities and experience nude sun-bathing in what we feel is a wholesome family atmosphere.

The only "frolicking" Mr. Talese did here was on the tennis court, where he exhibited a strong backhand.

James L. Hadley, Owner
Cypress Cove Family Nudist Resort
Kissimmee, Fla.

Mailer Objects

R.Z. Sheppard is entitled to his opinion of my book [July 21], although I don't know what he knows about box-

ing, but I am obliged to object to his characterization of my remarks about Don King and George Plimpton. Unlike Mr. Sheppard, I find it impressive when a man is reading difficult authors whose names he cannot pronounce, as was the case with Don King, and anyone who would read my remarks about George Plimpton in context would recognize that I was applauding Mr. Plimpton for the depth of his competitive impulses rather than mocking him.

Norman Mailer
New York City

Throwing Away the Key

Melvin Belli declares [July 21] that "psychiatry and psychology have progressed far enough so that we are able to tell those who should never be let out . . . We might even be able to do this before they run afoul of the law. Some people because of serious mental problems have . . . a constitutional right to be kept in custody." In plain English, Belli advocates locking up innocent Americans in insane asylums and throwing away the key.

Thomas S. Szasz, M.D.
Upstate Medical Center
Syracuse

What Is Enough?

Your Essay on the Postal Service [July 7] was extremely well done but inaccurate in one respect. Thousands, not hundreds, of daily and weekly newspapers depend on the mails for delivery. Actually, about 18 million weekly and 15 million daily newspaper copies are delivered by mail each week. Also, more than half the weeklies and at least 300 dailies have significant mail volume—enough so that a denial of access to the mails by exorbitant pricing could seriously damage their ability to serve present readers.

The Postal Service's proposed rates are high enough. For example, a western Pennsylvania daily newspaper with 12,000 copies in the mail each day would pay \$147,000 in second-class postage annually, instead of the \$80,400 under present rates. But even that is not enough for Judge Wenner, who wants that newspaper to have to pay \$330,000 annually, leading to an annual subscription price of \$80.

The newspapers that can will find other means of delivery, thus short-changing the Postal Service of revenues it presently receives for doing very little work, as many newspapers are pre-sorted and delivered by publishers' employees directly to mail carriers and nearby post offices.

William G. Mullen
General Counsel, National Newspaper
Association, Washington, D.C.

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TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

To Him That Hath...

The Bureau of Census has just confirmed what many Americans already suspected: 1974 was not a very good year. While the median income of U.S. families rose to \$12,840 in 1974—a 7% increase over the previous year—it was not enough to offset the 11% jump in prices, the bureau's new report says. Worse, another 1.3 million Americans slipped below the poverty level (e.g., \$5,038 for a nonfarm family of four), though the poverty line itself was raised to reflect inflation. By the bureau's figures, the increase brought the total of officially defined poor to 24.3 million people, or 12% of the nation's population.

Congress took care last week to ensure that no such fate should threaten high federal officials, Cabinet officers, Supreme Court Justices and the legislators themselves. Both houses passed a bill authorizing cost of living increases for some 17,000 federal officials who do not already get them and whose salaries have in many cases been frozen since 1969. The increase could be as high as 8.66%—a figure reckoned to make salaries competitive with private industry—but President Ford has indicated that he will try to hold it to 5%. Among the beneficiaries are 535 members of Congress, who now make \$42,500; eleven Cabinet officers, who

make \$60,000; 14,600 top-level career officials whose salaries have been limited to \$36,000; and Vice President Nelson A. Rockefeller, who makes \$62,500. "It may be a little inflationary," conceded House Speaker Carl Albert with candid resignation, "but so is everything we do."

Close to the Brink

For a time, it looked like the beginning of the 1967 riots all over again. The trouble started outside Bob Bolton's Bar and Grill in the Livernois-Fenkell section of Detroit. The bar's white owner, Andrew Chinarian, 39, claimed that he had caught Obie Wynn, 18, and two other black youths tampering with his car in the parking lot. As the trio tried to escape, said Chinarian, he fired at Wynn with a .25-cal. pistol and hit him in the back of the head. When word spread through the black community that Wynn was dead (he did not actually die until early the next morning), a crowd of 300 to 400 converged on the bar and began throwing bricks, setting fires, and looting stores in the neighborhood. In one episode, a group of black youths stopped a car at random, pulled out Marian Pysko, a candy-factory worker on his way home, and bludgeoned him with a piece of concrete. Pysko, 54, a Nazi concentration-camp survivor who emigrated from Poland in 1958, died three days later.

Detroit's black Mayor Coleman Young raced to the scene and spent the whole night trying to calm the crowds. So did a number of other officials and clergymen. Young also ordered in some 600 police, armed with riot helmets, nightsticks and tear gas, but under strict orders that "the use of fatal force [is] prohibited unless... life is endangered." Not a shot was fired, and crowds dispersed at dawn.

The next day a rumor-control center was set up, and it coped with some 6,000 calls, but the most infuriating rumor proved true: Chinarian had been charged with second-degree murder and freed on \$500 bond. Mayor Young called the bond "ridiculously low." Chinarian was later brought back to court and his bond was raised to \$25,000. But another angry crowd had already gathered outside Bolton's bar, which was finally broken open and wrecked. By the next night Detroit police had again restored calm in the streets, still without firing a shot. In the 1967 rioting, 43 people died and property damage came to \$64 million. This time two men were dead, 100 arrested, and property damage was comparatively minor. "We were pretty close to the brink," said Young, "[but] we're not going to let anybody tear up this city." Credit for that can go largely to Mayor Young himself.



PRESIDENT FORD JOINS RUMANIAN PARTY LEADER

POLITICS

Some Cheering,

Widely discounted in advance as mainly a theatrical spectacular, the 35th annual European Security Conference at Helsinki held no great dangers for President Ford. Indeed, he nimbly and confidently stepped through all of the required public places and signed the Helsinki declaration (see THE WORLD) with a warning that "we had better say what we mean and mean what we say or we will have the anger of our citizens to answer." But as he turned homeward this week, with stops in Rumania and Yugoslavia, Ford could count on very few of the personal political gains that customarily follow a presidential trip abroad. His stature at home may, in fact, have slipped a bit.

No Way. The reasons are varied. For one thing, many Americans paid little attention to the rhetoric and ceremony at Helsinki or the crowds that cheered Ford as he joined in an impromptu folk dance in Bucharest. Residents of Los Angeles were more concerned over their inept baseball Dodgers. No speech in Helsinki could have distracted New Yorkers from grumbling about the city's financial crisis. Where there was a response, it seemed small and partisan. In Cleveland, only about a fifth of the crowds at the city's annual All Nations Festival gathered to hear Dr. Michael Pap, director of the Soviet Institute at John Carroll University, denounce the "psychological victory for the Soviet Union." Near by, one lone picket carried a placard protesting FORD'S SURRENDER OF THE BALTIC NATIONS AT HELSINKI.

Unfortunately for Ford, the Helsinki Conference both coincided with, and



SCOTT—DETROIT FREE PRESS

ANGRY STREET CROWD IN DETROIT



CEAUȘESCU IN FOLK DANCE IN BUCHAREST

at Helsinki of Soviet territorial conquests in Eastern Europe while Israel is being pressured by many of the same world leaders, including Ford, to return lands it captured in 1967.

The new doubts about the results of détente will not necessarily last. Much depends on whether a satisfactory SALT agreement can be achieved. Some of the carping is also simple partisanship. Any policy that Richard Nixon launched, Henry Kissinger executed and Gerald Ford might use to improve his chances for election is sharply opposed by many Democrats.

Certainly politics was in the air on Capitol Hill while Ford was away. Rushing toward a midsummer recess, the Democratic-dominated Congress broke the momentum of Ford's veto hold over legislation he opposes and challenged aspects of his foreign policy. Ford has vetoed no fewer than 36 bills, and the Congress has either accepted or failed to override all except four of those vetoes. But last week both the House and Senate easily nullified his veto of a health-services bill that provides \$2 billion for such needs as nurses training, community mental-health centers and rape prevention. Ford had complained that the bill would cost too much. A single new override does not mean, of course, that Congress has lastingly undercut Ford's veto strength.

Prime Battle. In foreign affairs, Administration head counters detected so much congressional opposition to a Ford proposal to sell Hawk ground-to-air missiles to Jordan that the White House prudently withdrew the plan. The House overwhelmingly approved a \$31.1 billion appropriation for military weapons, including such controversial Administration projects as the B-1 bomber and a nuclear strike cruiser, but the Senate refused to agree; a joint conference committee will reconsider the issue in September.

The prime political battle in Washington to which Ford returns is the stalemate between White House and Congress over energy. Each party knows that whatever is done to reduce energy consumption will be highly unpopular, and each is maneuvering to force the other to take the heat. The House last week rejected a Ford plan to lift price controls on domestic oil gradually over 39 months. Congress voted instead to extend controls for six months—a bill that Ford, in turn, has vowed to veto. If he does and is sustained, the controls will expire on Aug. 31 and gas prices will rise, but who would be blamed most in the struggle is unclear. What does seem clear is that Ford's personal fate is much more likely to be determined by the nitty-gritty details of the domestic economy than by the lofty atmospherics of global summitry.

LABOR

Jimmy Hoffa's Disappearance

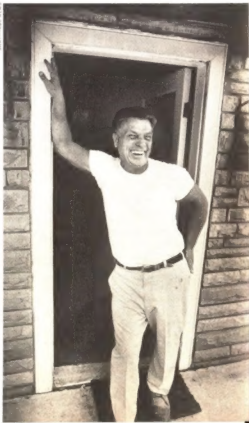
He had always been a good family man—even his most unrelenting enemies would admit that—and so his wife Josephine began to fret when he did not return home as planned last Wednesday after lunch. At 10 p.m., when he still had not shown up, she nervously called in some friends to keep her company. At 8 a.m. on Thursday, the family asked the police to look for him. They found his car, a dark green 1974 Pontiac Grand Ville hardtop, in the parking lot outside the fashionable Machus Red Fox Restaurant in Bloomfield Township, 15 miles northwest of Detroit. But there was no sign of Jimmy Hoffa, 62, the stubby, cocky, belligerent figure who was as tough as any truck driver on the road and who loved to wield the power of the Teamsters, the strongest and most feared labor union in the U.S.

As they started to hunt for Hoffa, the police made the traditional observation that they suspected "foul play." They had every reason to do so, considering Hoffa's criminal record, which he once boasted was "as long as your arm," and his activities in recent months. As usual, Hoffa was again in

Some Troubles

helped to inspire, a curious rise in skepticism about the value of détente. The Communist triumphs in Viet Nam and Cambodia, the growing Communist threat in Portugal and, to a lesser extent in Italy, have apparently set off a reflex action in many Americans of taking their frustrations and disappointments out on the Soviets. While Moscow is hardly remote from any of these events, it is not the main villain. Part of the trouble is that détente, so highly touted by its originators, had aroused unrealistic expectations. On a more down-home level, a number of Americans worry that new wheat sales to the Soviets will bring a rise in U.S. food prices.

Most conservatives have always mistrusted détente. Liberals still overwhelmingly favor the idea but have grown more wary. Many are insisting that the Ford Administration should demand more specific concessions from the Russians as the Soviet contribution to this mutual policy. Others object to what they regard as contradictory tendencies within the Administration toward the Soviet Union. New York Post Columnist James Wechsler, for example, charges the Ford Administration with glaring inconsistency when the President exchanges toasts with Soviet Leader Leonid Brezhnev at the same time that Defense Secretary James Schlesinger bewails the loss of anti-Soviet intelligence bases in Turkey as "an American tragedy." Many sincere sympathizers with Israel also have taken a strong anti-Soviet stand because of Moscow's backing (in fact, relatively restrained lately) of the Arabs. Such observers see a paradox in the acceptance



JIMMY HOFFA AT HIS LAKEFRONT HOME



RICHARD FITZSIMMONS' BOMBED CAR. AT RIGHT: ANTHONY ("TONY JACK") GIACALONE



LEFT: ROBERT KENNEDY & HOFFA IN 1958. RIGHT: HOFFA & FRANK FITZSIMMONS IN 1966
The police suspected "foul play," and they had every reason to do so.

the middle of a Teamster battle, only this time he was starting as the underdog. His eventual goal was to regain the presidency of the Teamsters union, which he had first won in 1957. Jailed in 1967 on a 13-year sentence for jury tampering, fraud and conspiracy, he clung to his title until June 1971. Six months later, President Richard Nixon—whom Hoffa had supported in the past—commuted his sentence on the condition that he take no part in Teamster activities until 1980.

Scratch and Bite. Confident that the courts would eventually grant his suit to end that ban, Hoffa was trying to lay the groundwork for his return to power by becoming the dominant (but unofficial) force in his old Local 299 in Detroit. Opposing Hoffa's campaign was none other than Teamsters President Frank Fitzsimmons, who had once been his loyal underling and the man he picked to keep his chair warm while he was away in prison. But once installed as the head of the Teamsters, Fitzsimmons had grown to like the heady feeling of power. "No one has ever been disloyal like this rat Fitz," Hoffa once said, adding that rats "scratch and bite you."

As the battle lines began forming at Local 299, old friends of both Hoffa and Fitzsimmons tried to smooth things over last year by putting together a coalition. David Johnson, a longtime Hoffa ally, was allowed to continue as president of the 17,500-member local, and the vice presidency went to Richard Fitzsimmons, 45, the Teamster president's own son.

Then the violence started against Hoffa's men. In August 1974 an explosion wrecked Johnson's 45-ft. cabin cruiser, on which he and Hoffa had spent many pleasant hours fishing and talking union politics. George Roxbury, a trustee of the local, was blinded in one eye by a shotgun blast. Otto Wendel, the local's secretary-treasurer, had his barn burned to the ground. A bomb exploded outside the house of an organizer for the local.

In late June, the feuding became more vicious still. Another organizer who also favored Hoffa was beaten unmercifully in the parking lot of a suburban restaurant. President Johnson ruled that union officials should not go out alone. Then, on July 10, Dick Fitzsimmons was having a drink with

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friends at Nemo's Bar on Michigan Avenue, not far from the local's headquarters, when his Lincoln Continental was blown to smithereens outside in the street.

The next incident was the disappearance of Hoffa himself. Police prepared to question one of his old friends, Anthony ("Tony Jack") Giacalone, 56, who has been identified as a top henchman of Joseph Zerilli, the godfather of the Detroit Mafia. Hoffa had reportedly gone to Machus Red Fox Restaurant last Wednesday to have lunch with Giacalone, although Giacalone denied any such plan. In Hoffa's heyday, the Teamsters were so often linked to the Mob that a Senate committee once concluded that a criminal record was a "prerequisite" for "advancement in the Teamsters firmament." Police were also interested in Giacalone because he was close not only to Hoffa but to Frank Fitzsimmons.

While the police hunted for clues, Hoffa's family said they felt he had been kidnapped, but federal investigators feared that he might have been killed. Officials were proceeding on the assumption that Hoffa had gone off with someone he considered to be a friend. There were no signs of any struggle in the car or in the parking lot, and Hoffa was no man to give in to anyone without a fight. Even at 62, he worked out with heavy weights and did 75 push-ups a day.

Gain Revenge. Indeed, until his sudden disappearance last week, Hoffa had seemed indestructible—the same man of incredibly concentrated will power and vitality who had expanded the union during his presidency from 1.4 million to 2.2 million members and in 1964 won the first nationwide trucking contract, which covered 400,000 Teamsters and 16,000 companies.

In a series of memorable court actions, Hoffa fought duels with the forces of Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, whose will matched his own and who finally succeeded in jailing him. "A ruthless little monster," Hoffa called his pursuer, while Kennedy denounced the Teamsters as "hoodlum-controlled."

When Hoffa emerged from jail in 1971, his eyes were as fiercely intent as ever and his voice still had its cold, flat, intimidating rasp. He got a \$1.7 million pension settlement from the generous Teamsters, but he wanted much more than that. Everyone who knew Jimmy Hoffa well felt that he was bitterly determined to gain his revenge on Frank Fitzsimmons.

After Richard Fitzsimmons' car was blown up, Hoffa told WWJ-TV in Detroit that no one in the local had had anything to do with the incident. "I'll bet my life on it," he declared. It was a chilling remark. Last week, while Local 299 posted a \$25,000 reward for information leading to his return, the family of Jimmy Hoffa waited to see if he had lost his bet.

NEW YORK

Some Bites Out of the Big Apple

New Yorkers will pay 50¢ instead of 35¢ to ride subways and buses—a painful increase for lower-income people. Drivers will be charged up to 25¢ extra to traverse most bridges and tunnels. Fewer schools and playgrounds will be built because of a \$375 million cutback in the capital budget. City workers have agreed to put off their promised 6% wage raise, and come next summer, those who work in air-conditioned offices will have to stop leaving the job an hour early. These were some of the “slashing economies” that a grim-looking Mayor Abraham Beame announced last week, adding, “There is nothing I have done in public life that has been more bitter.”

After months of resisting growing pressures and trying to avoid drastic cutbacks, the mayor finally produced a package of economies that he hopes will restore confidence in city bonds and stave off threatened bankruptcy. His cutbacks are estimated to save some \$500 million in an expense budget of \$12 billion for fiscal 1976. Even so, his reductions may not suffice to encourage investors to buy the \$4 billion in notes the city will have to market before the end of the year to meet its pressing short-term debt. “I don’t know,” mused Investment Banker Felix G. Rohatyn, one of the members of the new Municipal Assistance Corporation (Big Mac). “It may be enough. You can’t be sure.” Adds Controller Harrison (“Jay”) Goldin: “The mayor has taken some very important steps. I think other things may be necessary.”

Fed Up. Just a month ago, Beame had announced that the city’s fiscal crisis was largely over. His premature optimism was based on New York State’s creation of Big Mac with the authority to convert the city’s short-term notes into long-term securities. Few thought that the corporation’s nine illustrious voting members would have trouble marketing its bonds. To their surprise, Big Mac members discovered that many investors were unwilling to buy their offerings. Even though Big Mac bonds were secured by revenues from the city sales and stock-transfer taxes, they dropped 10% in value after they were offered on the market. Investors were plainly worried that New York’s chronic inability to control its spending would jeopardize the value of the bonds.

Teaming up, Big Mac members and city officials squared off against the city’s union leaders. Representing about 65% of the 320,000 municipal workers, the unions have gained an estimated 129% salary increase for their full-time employees between 1961 and 1973, in contrast to an 85.2% increase in the city’s private sector. For four days and almost as many nights, the negotiations rum-

bled on, punctuated by occasional outbursts that could be heard through the closed hotel room doors. “For Christ’s sake!” ... “F--- that!” ... “I’m fed up with Gotbaum!” ... “If you think there’s garbage in the streets now!” ... “No! I want to negotiate!” Finally, the door opened and out filed the combatants looking no grimmer than usual. “That’s normal collective bargaining,” remarked a labor consultant with a smile.

When the maneuvering and posturing came to an end—at least for the time being—an agreement had been hammered out between the city and most of the unions. The pact provided not exactly a wage freeze, as Big Mac had wanted, but rather a sort of partial freeze: a graduated deferral of the 5% to 6% pay raise that had taken effect July 1. It would be put off until the end of fiscal 1978 and then would be granted only if the city’s budget is bal-

The idea behind the agreement came from Victor Gotbaum, 53, chairman of the union negotiators and local chief of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, the largest of the city unions (110,000 members). The complexities of the compromise were characteristic of Gotbaum, who knows not only the familiar cries of public rhetoric but also the intricacies of private bargaining. Born in Brooklyn, where his father ran a printing plant, he holds a master’s degree in international labor relations from Columbia University and has worked for the Government teaching collective bargaining procedures to union leaders in Turkey. Even at the darkest moments, he is able to retain a sense of humor. When asked last week what would happen when the negotiators reached a midnight deadline that Mayor Beame had set, he answered, “I turn into a pumpkin, what else?”

Most Restive. In addition to Gotbaum, leaders of some 20 other unions agreed to the compromise, but three key labor chieftains refused to go along: Al-



GARBAGE DUMPED ON NEW YORK STREET TO PROTEST CUTBACK IN COLLECTIONS
Said the mayor to an aide: “You’ve got a death wish.”

anced and if its bonds are being accepted by investors—two big ifs. Lower-paid workers would fare better under the plan than higher-paid ones. Those earning \$10,000 a year or less would have to defer only 2% of their increase until 1978; those between \$10,000 and \$15,000 would put off 4%; and those above \$15,000 would have to wait three years for the entire raise.

In other respects, the city would act as if the raise had been granted. Any worker who wanted to retire would get a pension based on the increased wages. Future contracts would be negotiated on the assumption that the increase took place.

bert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers; Ken McFeeley, president of the Patrolmen’s Benevolent Association; and Michael Maye, president of the Uniformed Firefighters Association. Since the members of these unions are generally more highly paid than Gotbaum’s municipal workers, they would be hurt the most by the arrangement. Their members are also the most restive; in fact, Maye, a boisterous former Golden Gloves boxer, was recently voted into office partly because his predecessor was not sufficiently militant. Said the Patrolmen’s McFeeley: “The two decisions I had to choose from were 1) to sell out my membership and

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2) to sell out my membership with my blessing." Neither he nor the other banking union leaders threatened a strike, though the devastation that could be caused by a walkout of police or firemen is apparent. Shanker, who was the most intransigent of all the labor leaders, left the negotiations before they finished, apparently because his local teachers' union contract expires next month and he will be negotiating for a substantial raise.

Toughest Talks. Much will depend on the civic-mindedness of the membership of the unions, which are eventually expected to ratify the agreement, however grudgingly. In the case of the police and firemen, the city may have to add some sweeteners to break down their resistance. Gotbaum, who describes the negotiations as the toughest he has ever witnessed, declared: "The workers are identifying with the city." Banker Rohatyn left the sessions with heightened respect for the men who sat across the table from him and only rarely pounded on it. "What impressed me most about those guys," he said, "was that they were very serious, not histrionic."

The unions' acceptance of what amounts to a salary rollback was indeed an unprecedented act of abnegation on the part of organizations that had known nothing but gains for the past several years. It thus may create an important pattern for future negotiations between city and unions, both in New York and elsewhere. Observed a member of Big Mac: "The union leaders have had no experience in bargaining anything away. It's an unnatural process, like a parent talking about selling a child."

Once the program of retrenchment was announced, the banks agreed to provide the city with a loan of \$250 million

to help it avoid defaulting on \$741 million in notes that fall due on Aug. 22, the next critical debt payment deadline. To fill the rest of the city's cash needs for August, including payroll and other expenses, Big Mac expects to make a private sale of some \$650 million in bonds to a variety of New York institutions: banks, insurance companies, pension funds, corporations. Thus, Big Mac will not have to return to the public market until investors have had a chance to study Beame's austerity program and, if all goes well, be encouraged by it.

New Yorkers, at least, seemed to take heart. New York Governor Hugh Carey, who had put pressure on Big Mac to take a tough stand with the city, called the mayor's program "an act of courage." Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson, a Republican who had led the fight to prevent additional state aid to the city, said that Beame "has made a 180-degree turn, which is exactly what had to be done." But it would have been better if Beame had made his turnabout earlier. In the time-honored fashion of New York politicians, he had put off dealing with the crisis in the vain hope that it would somehow go away. At first, he tried to accuse the banks, as if they were to blame for incurring the city's debt. When that failed, he made a loud plea for more state and federal aid, when those governments were also hard-pressed for funds. Then despite the fact that New Yorkers pay the highest per capita taxes of any city in the nation, he tried to impose a "nuisance" tax on a variety of goods and services and increased the city corporation tax and real estate tax, even though delinquencies are rising at an alarming rate because landlords are unable to pay.

When Controller Goldin tried to persuade him to make more cutbacks in mid-July, Beame testily retorted: "Jay, you've got a death wish." Big Mac's members became increasingly exasperated with the mayor. "Beame had to be pushed on every issue," says one member. "The Mac group got positively uncomfortable watching him squirm. Some people in authority who get into tough spots rise to the occasion. Some don't."

Beame, moreover, has been making cuts in what many people consider to be the wrong areas. At a time when the crime rate is rising, the mayor reduced the police force from about 27,000 to 24,000, though attempts are being made not to cut back on the men on patrol. The fire department has been chopped by almost a thousand down to 10,000, even though arson is gutting vast sections of the city. Rubbish and garbage are piling up on the streets because of layoffs among sanitation workers. People are burning garbage in the streets—there were 292 fires within one 24-hour period last week—thus putting another burden on the fire department.

Other more vulnerable areas of government have escaped the full force of



ALBERT SHANKER LEAVING TALKS
He opposed compromise.

the budget ax. The tendency has been to lay off line workers while leaving the better-paid administrators alone. There is little discussion of sizable cuts in the city's bloated welfare program, which supports more than 1 million people. Or in such debatable health services as the methadone maintenance program.

Still not satisfied that Beame was going far enough, Big Mac last week issued a report, unanimously approved, calling for a three-year ceiling on city spending at current levels and a moratorium on city-tax increases to try to stem the exodus of businesses and middle-class people from New York. The members also urged a "tough skilled management apparatus" to monitor more sternly the city's inadequate accounting procedures and money-saving efforts—a proposal that Beame found "insulting and humiliating." All in all, said Beame, who was fighting these proposals, "we have cut to the bone, but we cannot and will not cut into the bone."

Outside Aid. Finally, Big Mac echoed Beame and other local politicians in asking for outside aid. No city is an island—not even New York. It had tried to demonstrate good faith in sharply cutting back; now it felt it deserved a sympathetic response from others. Big Mac urged New York State to take over the cost of the city and state courts and prison system. It recommended that the Federal Government buy Big Mac bonds and provide a guarantee for them, thus making them more attractive to investors. The Government, added the group, should also assume the cost of programs of "national rather than local origin": namely, welfare and health insurance. It would take a joint as well as a local effort to restore the shine to the Big Apple.

UNION LEADER VICTOR GOTBAUM



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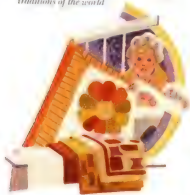
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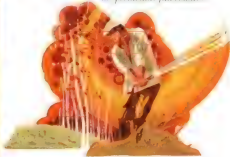
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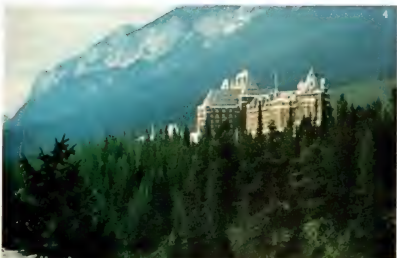
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ALONE ON HIS PALM-SHROUDED SAN CLEMENTE ESTATE, FORMER PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON SHOWS A REFLECTIVE MOOD

SEQUELS

The Man Who Walks the Beach

One year after the fall, Richard Nixon remains wan and drawn. At age 62, he tires easily and goes to bed early. He has developed high blood pressure. He continues to take daily injections of anticoagulant drugs to fend off any recurrence of his phlebitis. In his thoughts, he often indulges in moments of self-pity. He feels he has been deserted by many of his onetime friends. He considers himself Watergate's wronged victim rather than its chief villain. He blames the media, his political enemies and bad advice from former aides for his unique role in history as the only U.S. President ever forced to quit.

Uphill Struggles. Yet Nixon is neither continually depressed nor a beaten man. He is determined to regain his health and vindicate his presidency. Both may be uphill struggles, but friends and associates who have visited Nixon's San Clemente estate or talked to him by telephone praise his scrappy spirit. "There's no hang-dog attitude about him," reports Harry Dent, one of Nixon's past political advisers. "He sounds like the old Nixon—still interested in politics and everything that's going on." Adds Louisiana Congressman Otto Passman, who often gets phone calls from Nixon: "The man is tough. All his life, whenever he gets slapped down, he gets up fighting." Vowed Nixon to one recent visitor: "We'll have our day again."

If not his day, he will at least have his say. He is hard at work on his memoirs, aiming for publication early in 1977. Nearly every weekday morning at about 8:30, usually dressed in a dark suit

and necktie, he boards a blue golf cart and rides the 200 yds. from his Casa Pacifica to the office overlooking the ocean. He rummages through his pre-presidential papers, tape-records observations and reminiscences, fills yellow legal pads with notes and narrative. He is often joined by Franklin Gannon, a former White House speechwriter and a Rhodes scholar, who helps organize the research and write the book. One Californian with San Clemente ties reports that 100,000 words have been written, but they take Nixon only up to 1946. Rather than start with Watergate or his presidency, Nixon intends "to give us Whittier and Mom and Dad all over again," says this source. Nixon has a strong incentive to plunge on: he has received a \$350,000 advance payment so far from his publisher (Warner Paperback Library in New York) and will qualify for another such advance when he completes 200 pages. Nixon's agent, Irving ("Swifty") Lazar, says the total promised advance is \$2.5 million.

As his story progresses, Nixon pursues his struggle to secure ownership of the tapes and papers, many still secret, that he generated as President. Now held in Government custody in Washington under special congressional legislation, they are accessible to him only if he travels there. Last week Nixon was questioned for seven hours about his claims to the papers by William Dobrovir, an attorney representing Columnist Jack Anderson in a suit demanding access to Nixon's records. Nixon considers the tapes and papers vital to completion of his book and intends to carry

his legal fight to the Supreme Court if necessary. His lawyers estimate this could cost \$500,000 in legal fees. He has already paid his chief lawyer, Herbert Miller, and Miller's Washington firm \$200,000 in past fees for various services, and he owes another \$300,000, due by year's end. At Nixon's request, Rabbi Baruch Korff, the persistent Nixon defender and fund raiser, has agreed to resume leadership of a Nixon Justice Fund to finance the battle for the papers.

Apart from high legal fees, the former President has no serious financial problems. Since his resignation a year ago, he has received \$260,000 in federal funds. This includes a transition-period allotment of \$155,000 plus \$45,000 for the maintenance of his office, as well as his \$60,000 annual presidential pension. He has paid off the \$386,700 he owed in back taxes for 1970-72 (the legally uncollectible taxes of \$148,000 for 1969, which Nixon once promised to pay, have been more or less forgotten).

Aimed at Me. President Ford had recommended another \$203,000 for office and staff during the next twelve months, but Congress cut this to \$150,000. Nixon aides had insisted that the higher figure was needed so that his estimated 2 million pieces of post-resignation mail can be answered. A group of California Republican women has been working on this as volunteers—and why public funds should be used to write everyone who sought to console Nixon has not been explained. Nixon, however, has complained to visitors about cutbacks in his allowances as being "just aimed at me."

Beyond his past and future book income, Nixon is trying to sell TV versions of his story. Lazar is pursuing negotiations with both NBC and TV Interviewer David Frost for Nixon ap-

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pearances late next year at which he would submit to questioning about his presidential years. In both cases, says Lazar, Nixon has received tentative offers of slightly less than \$1 million. CNS on the other hand, broke off talks with Lazar before any real bargaining on Nixon's fee. People closest to Nixon do not expect him to speak out in a major public way until after the 1976 presidential election—partly to avoid political repercussions and partly to sustain curiosity about the memoirs.

Despite reports that he has considered moving to New York, his friends do not expect him to leave San Clemente until his book is finished. Even then, most of them doubt that he would choose New York, since he considers it the cen-

ter of a hostile "Eastern establishment." He is known to be itching to travel overseas, but his physical stamina is still in doubt, and if he should prove well enough for that, he would immediately be confronted by demands that he appear as a witness in the many continuing Watergate-related legal actions.

Serious Suits. Although pardoned for any possible crimes committed while President, Nixon faces more than 30 legal actions in which either he is a defendant in a civil suit, or his testimony is wanted or his lawyers are seeking to protect his tapes and documents. Nixon was grilled by Special Prosecutor Henry Ruth in the presence of grand jurors in June. The most serious suits against him and members of his Admin-

istration are the claims by Morton Halperin and Anthony Lake, both former members of the National Security Council, that their privacy was invaded when their telephones were tapped in 1969-71. Nixon may also be subpoenaed to testify at the tax-fraud trial of Frank DeMarco and Ralph Newman, who helped document Nixon's tax claims.

Meanwhile, life at San Clemente is far from spartan. Nixon has 33 Secret Service agents assigned to his protection. He is skittish about security, and his staff has complained—incorrectly—that Lady Bird Johnson has more guards (she has a dozen at most). When a news photographer snapped him with a telephoto lens from the distant window of a neighboring house, Nixon changed the route

And Where Is the Palace Guard?

When President Nixon went overboard with Watergate, he took a lot of his former aides over the side with him. Although they plunged into heavy seas, most of them are now treading water with surprising buoyancy. Some notable examples:

JOHN MITCHELL. Convicted of conspiracy, obstruction of justice and perjury (along with H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman), the former Attorney General and his co-conspirators are continuing to run up staggering legal fees in appealing the verdicts. (Oral arguments in the District of Columbia Court of Appeals are to be held late this month.) Mitchell has been disbarred, and his income of some \$200,000 a year from his New York law firm will soon end. Yet he is committed by court order to pay \$52,000 a year to his estranged wife Martha and he finances the education of his daughter, Marty, 14, who is also estranged from Martha.

Despite his problems, Mitchell seems fairly ebullient. He makes amiable appearances at fancy Washington restaurants, especially the Jockey Club, the Sea Catch and the Palm. He is often accompanied by Mrs. Mary Gore Dean, a wealthy widow whose family operates restaurants and a hotel in the capital. He is drinking much less than the fifth a day he consumed at the height of the Watergate crisis. Associates suggest two reasons for Mitchell's relatively good spirit: 1) Despite Nixon's earlier efforts to get Mitchell to take full blame for Watergate, he has never turned against his former boss and remains on good terms with Nixon and Nixon's wealthy friends. 2) He is confident that the Supreme Court will not rule on his appeal of his conviction until early 1977 and that by then a re-elected President Ford will pardon him and other major Watergate figures. Like so many of his fallen

colleagues, Mitchell is at work on a book, but its approach is being kept secret by his publisher (Simon & Schuster).

JOHN DEAN. The man with the memory has served four months in prison, been disbarred and is living in Los Angeles off a \$350,000 advance from Simon & Schuster for a Watergate book. His wife Mo has already completed her chronicle of the drama for the same publisher (it will appear in October). Determined to pursue a new career in literature, Dean has outlined a novel (about a black woman nominated to the Supreme Court) and wants to write screenplays.

When not occupied with writing, Dean does a lot of reading (mostly nonfiction), helps paint and redecorate the house and landscape the grounds. Finding the heckling unpleasant and the routine wearying, he gave up a lecture tour after six weeks. He and Mo encounter little neighborhood hostility, and entertain with small dinner parties for a tightly knit circle of friends (the best-known: Congressman Barry Goldwater Jr. and his wife Susan).

JOHN EHRLICHMAN. The most visibly altered of the Watergate conspirators, Ehrlichman has grown a grizzly beard, left his wife Jeanne, and moved from Seattle to a rented adobe house in an older section of Santa Fe. Disbarred, he claims to be working on various public-spirited projects in which his knowledge of Government is helpful. He will not say what they are, since he feels that premature publicity killed his earlier attempt to work with nearby Indians as an alternative to serving his prison sentence. "We certainly could use some plumbers in our struggle to establish our



THE DEANS AT PLAY IN LOS ANGELES

water rights," jokes Lucario Padilla, chairman of the eight northern Indian Pueblos Council, but he suggests that Ehrlichman's help would be "more useful in the form of ditch work."

Ehrlichman trout-fishes with dry flies in streams near Taos, attends some dinner parties among Santa Fe's notables, but generally attracts little notice while shopping or strolling the local streets. When not commuting to Washington to consult his lawyers, he too is working on a book. It will reportedly deal with his White House years and the knowledge he picked up there about the CIA. Whether he will actually aim any fire at Nixon, as his lawyers some-

he takes to his office. "If they can get me with a telephoto lens, they can do the same with a scope on a rifle," he told aides. "I'm not going that way any more." There have been at least ten occasions when intruders have tried to get past the guards at San Clemente; two youths on motorcycles reached the front door. They claimed they only wanted to talk to him.

Nixon now has five regular staff aides. They include former Marine Colonel Jack Brennan, his military aide as President; Private Secretary Nora Vandersommen, who was a White House secretary; Office Secretaries Loie Gant and Jo Anne Miller; and former Marine Sergeant Carl F. Howell, an assistant to Brennan. Rose Mary Woods,

Nixon's longtime personal secretary, remains on Nixon's payroll but has worked mostly in Washington while awaiting retirement on a comfortable federal pension. The Nixons also still have Manolo and Fina Sanchez as personal servants. Manolo, his former White House valet, has taken on a strange chore in the entertainment of male guests. Nixon, who likes off-color stories but hates to tell them, often gives Manolo a sort of cue, like "Manolo, tell him the one about the girl in the bikini."

Visitors rarely stay long at San Clemente, so as not to tire Nixon. Pat Nixon spends much of her time working in her vegetable gardens, and both Nixons

enjoy frequent stays by their married daughters, Julie and Tricia. Other recent visitors have included former Nixon Lieutenant John Mitchell and H.R. Haldeman, Herb Klein, Nixon's former communications director, Physician John Lungen, former Assistant HEW Secretary Patricia Reilly Hitt and his millionaire pals Robert Abplanalp and Bebe Rebozo.

Nixon's most prominent post-retirement outing was the party in his honor given by the Philadelphia press lord Walter Annenberg at his ranch in Palm Springs on Feb. 22. Nixon was subdued but gracious as Frank Sinatra and Bob

VENNETT/CAMERA

STEVE NORDQUIST



EHRLICHMAN AT DOOR OF RENTED HOUSE IN SANTA FE

times did during Ehrlichman's trial, is not known. Jeanne Ehrlichman remains in Seattle, where she is the \$10,000-a-year director of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra's education program.

H.R. HALDEMAN. After digging deeply into accumulated wealth from inheritance and savings, Haldeman is now living off the controversial fee, estimated at up to \$150,000, that he received from CBS Television News for a Mike Wallace interview last fall. He still owes at least two-thirds of his legal fees, which, he says, have reached "about \$400,000 and the meter is still running." He tried to sell a book outline to New York publishers last spring, but it was rejected because he concentrated on Nixon's foreign policy, with only one chapter on Watergate. Now he is working more realistically on a book (still unsold) detailing the Nixon White House as seen from his unique vantage point. "Where there were serious mistakes, and there were, I'm admitting those absolutely," he says. Haldeman has visited San Clemente several times, yet his relations with Nixon are severely strained. As for his other ex-colleagues, he says that "my

legal advice is not to be in contact."

The Haldemans still maintain a \$185,000 house in the exclusive Hancock Park area of Los Angeles, and have been spending the summer on an even more exclusive island in Newport Beach, Calif., where his wife's family has a New England-style residence. Although he has dropped out of the Big Canyon Country Club, he and his wife occasionally attend private parties. Friends say that Haldeman's ordeal has tapped new strengths and vitality and he is bearing up with Christian Scientist calm. He takes tennis lessons and plucks away at the guitar.

For lesser-known members of Nixon's Watergate crew, prison and penury have been the most painful problems. After seven months in prison, former Mitchell Deputy Jeb Stuart Magruder is employed as vice president of a religious foundation in Colorado Springs at half his former \$36,000 Government salary. Egil ("Bud") Krogh has been hired as an assistant to Republican Congressman Peter McCloskey of



THE HALDEMAN'S RELAXING AT HOME IN NEWPORT BEACH

California at \$16,000; he drew \$40,000 in Nixon's Transportation Department.

After leaving his job at United Air Lines, where he was director of market planning, former White House Appointments Secretary Dwight Chapin has landed a job as vice president of W. Clement Stone Enterprises, the family firm that directs the financial affairs of one of Nixon's chief campaign contributors. Chapin has lost one appeal of his perjury convictions and may soon enter prison. White House Aide Charles Colson served six months in prison, has been disbarred, and is now writing about his spiritual conversion for a publisher of religious books. Nixon Attorney Herbert Kalmbach, who spent six months in prison, is fighting against disbarment in California. He has already been suspended, but he has ample income from real estate holdings in California's Orange County and in Hawaii. His aim, he insists, is "to drop out of sight."

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

Rockefeller in the Boiler Room

At 67, Nelson Rockefeller must make some concessions to the flesh. He downs a bowl of Wheatena instead of eggs when he breakfasts in bed at 8 each morning. A creeping cholesterol count has forced the indignity.

At night he sips at a glass of Mateus rosé, a Portuguese substitute for red Dubonnet, which is suspected of a higher calorie count. But beyond that, he looks and in some ways acts as well as ever, maybe a little better. His hair is bleached, his skin tanned from weekend sun on his Pocantico Hills golf course with his two sons and Club Pro Chi Chi Rodriguez. A medical lab, after studying his charts and X rays, reported: "This man is 40 years old."

He still carries an element of naïveté around with him. He does not always understand the folkways of people with less than a hundred million in the bank. In his first months in Washington, he offended the delicate sense of parliamentary justice of Alabama's Senator James B. Allen by failing to recognize him on the Senate floor. He piled up more painful clichés about Jerry Ford than even Ford's speechwriters could have coined, and he continued to talk about American purpose when the hot subject was the contents of Henry Kissinger's garbage cans.

But there is the aura of power about Rockefeller. His footprints, like the impressive state-capital complex he built in Albany, show that somebody significant has been there. He is beginning to be felt in Washington.

He has kept his head low and found his way to the boiler room. He is a man concerned with the substance of America, not only the CIA but also water quality, productivity and energy. The Rockefeller tentacles are reaching out for men and ideas. His staff includes a former Governor and two ex-Under Secretaries; last week he added the voluntary services of Heath Larry, a former vice president of U.S. Steel and next year's probable N.A.M. president.

RIGHT: ILLUSTRATION OF WHITE HOUSE



HOWARD CALLAWAY & NELSON ROCKEFELLER

long. As a result and after a cozy helicopter flight with the President, Rockefeller and Ford may be closer than ever. Ford and his new campaign manager, Howard ("Bo") Callaway, the former Secretary of the Army and conservative Georgia Congressman, had wanted to try to disarm the militant right-wingers of the G.O.P., who still dislike Rocky. But Callaway's quiet correct assessments that the Vice President's "liberalism" and age would be political problems in 1976 caused many people in the nervous Washington atmosphere to believe that another conspiracy was under way and that Ford was nudging Rocky toward the exit.

Ford wants to go to the convention next year uncommitted to anybody but himself. If it goes well, he most likely will again tap Rockefeller, who would be a help in the election. If trouble develops and Ford feels that he must accept someone else, Rocky will probably become Secretary of State—and with delight.

"I've got a strong heart and I'm totally relaxed," he said last week. "I'm lucky to be here now where the action is." Wearing the inevitable blue striped shirt, the white handkerchief tucked in his suit pocket, he continued to move around the back lots of power. He helped get yet another try for Turkish military aid back on the tracks in the Senate. He was the one who alerted the White House on the troubles over extending the Voting Rights Act. He helped along Ford's policy interests on energy and taxes while the President was off in Helsinki. Rocky could claim an expanding group of friends on the Hill. There were even cordial relations, if not agreement, between himself and conservatives like Barry Goldwater and John Tower.

Rockefeller's optimism about the future of America seems undimmed. From the back seat of his limousine last week he admired anew the classic lines of the Supreme Court building, he pondered the herd of joggers around the Tidal Basin ("Must do this on their lunch hour. . . Must be good for you"). Being rushed to an appointment for which he was already late, he spotted a street vendor below the Capitol. "Gee," said the Vice President, "I wish I could stop for a hot dog."

Hope made light talk to lift his spirits. "It was a dinner party with people who loved him and supported him, but it was like being in a family where there had been a tragedy, a death," recalls Mrs. John Swearingen, whose husband is chairman of Standard Oil of Indiana. She said that Nixon was not bitter, but there was a "sadness and misery in his eyes." Nixon told "how he had lived in a big house with many rooms and when you're on top it is filled with all your friends and afterward you don't need a house quite so large."

For relaxation, Nixon mostly walks along the ocean, mainly on relatively secluded beaches like the one at nearby Camp Pendleton. Or he takes limousine rides. He is driven by a Secret Service agent and followed by another car containing more agents. Sometimes other motorists recognize him and either wave in a friendly way or gesture in hostility as they pass. He recently summoned help by radio when two cars collided ahead of him at Camp Pendleton; three Marines died. He also plays golf about once a week, usually with Brennan, and is "happy as hell" when he breaks 100. His own private three-hole course, built for him by a group of businessmen, is now overgrown with weeds.

Watergate Joke. Nixon still receives regular intelligence briefings by telex from the Ford White House. He never criticizes Ford even in the most private conversations. But he did tell Dent that "South Viet Nam would not have gone down the drain if I hadn't had my problem"—a reference to Watergate. He has explained to others that he thinks "the Communists were never sure just how he would react," and thus would have been more cautious if he had remained as President. Nixon sympathizes with Ford in confronting what Nixon calls "the radical Democratic Congress."

As for Watergate, Nixon can sometimes joke about it, needing one associate working on a non-Watergate book: "You really ought to write about Watergate; it's much more profitable." He sometimes discusses the various Watergate characters. He describes G. Gordon Liddy as "nutty," but wonders about Jeb Stuart Magruder. "He appeared to be confused as to how someone like Magruder could have become involved in such a thing," explains one of his visitors. Nixon retains respect for Charles Colson, according to one source, "because Chuck never turned on him." But he has soured on Bob Haldeman. "He blames Haldeman for his troubles," reports one acquaintance. "He thinks Haldeman used terribly bad judgment."

Nixon still cannot concede any personal guilt over Watergate. "He views his situation in terms of politics, not in terms of law," explains a friend. "In the book he will write himself into history as a victim. He is not capable of thinking of himself as one who committed crimes."

FBI

Seduced by the KGB

While concentrating its efforts upon the CIA, Senator Frank Church's special committee that is investigating U.S. intelligence programs has also been accumulating data on the FBI. Last week TIME learned that the committee has heard some startling reports of misdeeds, break-ins and cover-ups, including the story of an agent whose mistress was linked to the Soviet KGB.

The affair was discovered in 1968 when a CIA source in Moscow reported that KGB officials were jubilant about getting one of their operatives in bed with an FBI agent. To check out the CIA's report, the FBI broke into the apartment of the woman, a middle-aged waitress, and discovered bureau manuals, documents and reports. Some FBI officials urged prosecution, but J. Edgar Hoover's palace guard of deputies stopped the inquiry to avoid embarrassing the bureau and its boss. The agent was simply allowed to resign. The KGB also appears to have penetrated the FBI in 1961. In this case, the agent suspected of giving FBI reports to the Soviets (a polygraph test on him was inconclusive) was fired on a minor technicality.

The Church committee has also turned up evidence of a variety of extralegal activities practiced by the FBI. The bureau is said to have maintained special schools to train agents in the techniques of the "bag job," a euphemism for breaking and entering. The graduates—lockpickers, burglars and a few safecrackers—managed to steal some code books from foreign embassies. For this they received "incentive awards" ranging from \$250 to \$500.

The Senators would like to know more about the private files Hoover kept on public officials and what use he made of them. John Mohr, a former top FBI official, has told TIME that he had been questioned three times by the committee about the dossiers assembled by Hoover on scores of people. Just what happened to some of the files after Hoover's death in 1972 is still a mystery.

HISTORICAL NOTES

The Pumpkin Papers

More than a quarter-century after the glaring headlines, former State Department Official Alger Hiss finally found the answer last week to a much disputed mystery in one of the most celebrated spy cases of the cold war era. On being denounced in 1948 as a Communist, Hiss filed a libel suit against his accuser, Whitaker Chambers, who thereupon dug out some evidence that a relative had hidden for him in an abandoned dumbwaiter in New York City. As he later told it in his book *Witness*, he had saved an envelope full of docu-

ments he had received from Hiss—typewritten summaries of State Department papers, some memos handwritten by Hiss, and five pieces of what turned out to be 35-mm. film (two developed strips, three undeveloped rolls).

Chambers, then a TIME senior editor, gave the papers to the pretrial investigators in the libel case, but he held back the film, partly because he wanted to learn what was on it. Word of Chambers' sensational new revelations quickly reached the House Un-American Activities Committee, before which he had originally accused Hiss. When Committee Member Richard M. Nixon issued a subpoena for any further evidence, Chambers led agents to his Maryland farm and pointed to a hollowed-out pumpkin. Fearful of prowling Hiss investigators, he said, he had put the films in the pumpkin while he was gone for the day. Thus were baptized the famous "pumpkin papers."

Precious Secrets. Congressman Nixon made much of the films. He was photographed peering at them through a magnifying glass. When the Justice Department asked for them, he declared that he could not turn over such precious "State and Navy Department" secrets unless the House approved, but he soon released them. When Hiss was tried for perjury, only two of the films (the two already developed) were introduced; prints from them showed State Department documents relating to U.S.-German relations in the late '30s. Despite their fame, however, a prominent evidence expert, Professor Irving Younger of Cornell Law School, writes in the current issue of *Commentary* that these films were not conclusive evidence against Hiss since someone else could have passed them to Chambers. Far more decisive, says Younger, were such items as the summaries of State Department secrets typed on a typewriter shown to have belonged to Hiss.

What of the three rolls of film never produced at the trial? There were hints at the time that they contained some mysterious, unrevealed secrets. Hiss, on the other hand, has thought that they could help vindicate him. But not until last week, under the Freedom of Information Act, did he finally win his battle to obtain the secret films. One roll was entirely blank (as Chambers himself indicated in his book). The two others showed only the dimmest images, barely discernible but obviously of innocuous material on how to use a chest parachute, how to use a fire extinguisher.

"In *Witness*, Chambers explained that he was influenced in his choice of hiding place by the memory of a Soviet film featuring pumpkin-like papier-mâché figures in which revolutionaries hid weapons. Lionel Trilling, however, in a new introduction to his Chambers-era roman à clef, *The Middle of the Journey*, suggests a more bizarre psychological reason: shortly after Chambers quit the Communist Party and emerged from the underground, friends who feared for his life asked him to a Halloween party to establish his public identity and so forestall murder. The memory of this experience may have led Chambers to use a pumpkin in another effort to save himself.



HISS & ATTORNEY WITH PUMPKIN PAPERS



THE PUMPKIN ON CHAMBERS' FARM
Not the decisive evidence.

drawings of microphones—all found in standard Army and Navy manuals of the period. Now 70, Hiss said that the three films should help exonerate him because they "certainly are useless for espionage purposes." Almost any espionage haul, however, nets useless along with critical information; the films showed mainly that Hiss's prosecutors were selective in their evidence, as prosecutors generally are. They also showed that Nixon may have made more of a brouhaha than justified by the films. In any case, the films do nothing to change the jury's verdict.



DELEGATES AT OPENING SESSION OF THE EUROPEAN SECURITY CONFERENCE SUMMIT IN HELSINKI'S FINLANDIA HOUSE

THE WORLD

DIPLOMACY

Festive Finale to the Helsinki Summit

From early morning until after midnight last Tuesday, Finnish President Urho Kekkonen practically camped at the Helsinki airport. Every 40 minutes or so, he dashed down to the tarmac to greet one foreign delegation after another as they arrived to attend the summit spectacular that marked the windup of the European Security Conference (TIME cover, Aug. 4). Fortunately for Kekkonen, most delegations showed up on time—and by air. But not all. In mid-afternoon Kekkonen raced into town to the railway station to shake hands with Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, who had chosen to make the 18-hour trip from Moscow by train. Then Kekkonen sped back to the airport (normally a 30-minute trip, but the President made it in 13) to continue the marathon ceremony.

Dramatic Moment. The purpose of the big show in Helsinki was the signing of a 35-state declaration, negotiated over the past two years, that formalized the postwar boundaries of Eastern Europe. In perhaps the most dramatic moment, the 35 delegations arrived at the conference in handsome Finlandia House almost simultaneously Wednesday morning to begin the largest meeting of national leaders ever held in Europe. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt bounded from his seat and pumped the hand of Leonid Brezhnev; moments later he greeted a buoyant President Gerald Ford in the same way. British Prime Minister Harold Wilson and French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, veterans of many a confer-

ence, smiled at each other across the aisle.

There were plenty of scene-stealers—bearded Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus, for instance, in his floor-length black robes—but the superstars were obviously Ford and Brezhnev. Before the signing took place, there were nearly three days of speeches by the heads of the 35 delegations; both Ford and Brezhnev sat through the entire parade of rhetoric. As the first session opened, Ford settled down in his seat, lit his pipe and adjusted the earphones that brought simultaneous translation. Brezhnev sipped a glass of tea at his work desk, fiddling from time to time with the new dentures that are said to give him considerable discomfort. Just before he was due to speak, the Soviet leader mopped his face with a handkerchief, combed his hair and underlined a few more phrases in his speech with a red ballpoint pen.

The Russians had been plumping for a European security conference ever since 1954. Hoping to make it the capstone of his career, Brezhnev had been anxious for it to be completed well in advance of the Soviet Party Congress next February, at which time he will probably retire. The long-ailing party chief remained fairly active throughout the week, though he left President Kekkonen's formal dinner on the first night after less than an hour. "Why does he do such things?" asked a slightly amused British diplomat. "He must know what everyone will say." The Soviets claimed that Brezhnev had simply left early

so he could work on his speech.

Brezhnev's speech struck most listeners as moderate and conciliatory. It was devoid of any crowing about Soviet policy, except for one gratuitous reference to Lenin as an early proponent of peaceful coexistence. Of the conference results, he declared, "There are neither victors nor vanquished, winners nor losers... It is a gain for all who cherish peace and security on our planet."

Basket Three. Most diplomatic observers were mildly encouraged by his statement that "no one should try to dictate to other peoples... the manner in which they ought to manage their internal affairs"—though obviously he was talking more about Soviet affairs than anybody else's. Some thought he was warning that the Soviet Union would give only lip service to Basket Three, the collection of individual freedoms and rights that was the key section of the document for the U.S. and Western Europe. But there was room for optimism in Brezhnev's call for "a further development of military détente." He added that "a priority goal in this regard is to find ways to reduce armed forces and armaments in Central Europe without diminishing the security of anyone... Uppermost in our mind is the task of ending the arms race and achieving tangible results in disarmament."

Ford's speech, delivered the following day, was a mirror image of Brezhnev's, in the sense that the points ignored by the Soviet leader were the ones stressed by the U.S. President. While

Brezhnev listened to a translation through a headset and jotted notes. Ford emphasized the importance of the Basket Three principles of liberty of thought, movement, and the flow of information. He also gave measured stress to the phrase "and the possibility of change by peaceful means," citing Berlin as "a flashpoint of confrontation in the past [that] can provide an example of peaceful settlement in the future." Referring to criticism at home of his presence at the summit and skepticism about the document's validity, he warned that the Helsinki declaration could not be a hollow promise. "The people of all Europe and—I assure you—the people of North America are thoroughly tired of having their hopes raised and then shattered by empty words and unfulfilled pledges. We had better say what we mean and mean what we say, or we will have the anger of our citizens to answer. They will ask us how these noble sentiments are being translated into actions."

Most leaders went to some effort to refrain from upsetting the heady atmosphere of peace and détente with their speeches. But Harold Wilson delivered a blunt address that accurately reflected the views of Britain's Western allies.

Détente means little if it is not reflected in the daily lives of our peoples," he told the delegates. "There is no reason why, in 1975, Europeans should not be allowed to marry whom they want, hear and read what they want, travel abroad when and where they want, meet with whom they want. To deny that proposition is a sign not of strength but of weakness."

A Mere Sideshow. The only really angry fight at the conference was between Turkey and Greece over Cyprus. The Turks were furious that Archbishop Makarios was there representing Cyprus (instead of a figure who would somehow represent both the Greek and Turkish communities) and stormed out of the conference hall while he was speaking. Later the Turks announced that they would sign the Helsinki declaration, known as the "Final Act," with a unilateral reservation that none of its provisions would be valid for Cyprus until a "legitimate representative" of the island republic had signed. During a private meeting, Ford offered Turkish Premier Süleyman Demirel \$50 million in grant aid if he would return control of military bases in Turkey to the U.S. Angry over the U.S. Congress's cutoff of aid, Demirel refused (see story page 35).

Despite their long speechmaking sessions, the conference leaders had plenty of time for bilateral discussions. There were moments, in fact, when the conference seemed a mere sideshow, reminding some American observers of Lyndon Johnson's old line about state funerals: "They give you a chance to pay your respects—and get a little business done." Besides two meetings with Brezhnev, Ford talked privately with, among others, Britain's Wilson, France's Giscard, Turkey's Demirel and Greek Pres-

mier Constantine Karamanlis. The champion in the bilateral race was Chancellor Schmidt, who managed 14 meetings with 13 other leaders, many of them from Eastern Europe. His goals: to get the East Europeans to ease up on their reluctance to include West Berlin in agreements dealing with West Germany and to advance Bonn's already booming trade relations with the East.

Memorable Moments. The most important meetings of the conference were unquestionably the private ones between Ford and Brezhnev. The U.S. was anxious for a sign of some momentum toward a SALT II agreement and perhaps some progress in the currently deadlocked Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions talks, whose aim is to reduce military forces in Central Europe. Indeed, the U.S. believes some sort of headway is necessary before a Ford-Brezhnev summit can take place in Washington this fall. At their first meeting, over a mahogany table at the U.S. embassy, the two leaders talked for two hours and professed to be making some progress.

During the second meeting, they discussed SALT and MBFR in greater detail. Although both Ford and Brezhnev made *pro forma* statements that some limited progress had been achieved, the two sides adjourned without any substantive compromise.

For Gerald Ford, some of the most memorable moments of the trip occurred on the way to and from the Helsinki Conference. In Bonn, during a floating state dinner given by West German President Walter Scheel aboard a Rhine River cruise boat, Ford and his wife Betty danced exuberantly to a German band's rendition of *The Field Artillery March and Dixie*, though the exertion caused an exhausted Betty Ford to remain in bed the next day. He sipped a bit of local wine on a visit to the Rhine River town of Linz (the presidential verdict: "Delicious") and dropped in on a picnic attended by 3,500 American soldiers and their families in the town of Kirschgoens. Then, during a two-day journey to Poland, the President was greeted by a cheerful though not tumultuous crowd of 250,000 in Warsaw ("American VIPs are no big deal here any more," noted a U.S. diplomat). The following day he visited Auschwitz, the Nazi concentration camp where 4 million people were put to death during World War II. The grim-faced President placed a wreath of red and white flowers at a memorial honoring the dead of 19 nationalities.

On his way home from Helsinki, Ford planned similar short visits to Rumania and Yugoslavia, the most independent-minded East bloc nations. There, as in Poland, the implicit message of his presence would be clear: within the framework of détente, the U.S. would like to do what it can to encourage a spirit of independence in Eastern Europe.



FORD & BREZHNEV AT HELSINKI



TALKING TO BRITISH PRIME MINISTER WILSON



WITH TURKISH PRIME MINISTER DEMIREL



ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS & PRESIDENT KKKONEN



THOUSANDS OF SOCIALISTS RALLY ON JULY 19 IN DOWNTOWN LISBON TO DEMAND RESIGNATION OF GONÇALVES

PORTUGAL/COVER STORY

Western Europe's First Communist Country?

"A Happy Revolution!" proclaimed the slogans hastily scrawled on the walls in Lisbon. So it seemed to many Portuguese, as optimism and euphoria marked the weeks immediately following the coup of April 25, 1974, when a group of young military officers ended nearly five decades of fascist dictatorship in Portugal. Jubilant citizens lionized the soldiers, plopping long-stemmed red carnations into the muzzles of their rifles. Political exiles returned home to tumultuous welcomes. Amnestied political prisoners walked out of their jails to the embraces of ecstatic relatives and friends. Freedom of the press and assembly was proclaimed, the hated secret police was abolished and a reign of democracy was vowed. At mass rallies, crowds roared, "The people united shall never be vanquished!"

Fading Dream. Those buoyant days are now long gone. Literally and symbolically, the carnations have wilted. The wall slogans have grown strident. A revolution that began by freeing Portugal from a dictatorship of the far right is rapidly evolving into a dictatorship of the far left. In Portugal, the dream that the April revolution would lead to a democratic and pluralistic society is fast fading, and the nation's 8 million people have only slim hope of seeing a centrist or even moderately socialist civilian government. As a mechanic in the rural town of Benedita recently put it: "The revolution is being betrayed!"

The troika of generals that has just

assumed unlimited power in Lisbon could well transform Portugal into Western Europe's first Communist nation. It might be an orthodox Marxist state, as envisaged by one of the Continent's few remaining Stalinist Communist Party bosses, Alvaro Cunhal. It might also evolve into a different kind of radically leftist society, borrowing inspiration from Fidel Castro's Cuba, Houari Boumedienne's Algeria and Mao's China. Either way, the Red threat in Portugal vitally affects the political stability of the western Mediterranean and the future of the North Atlantic Alliance.

For the moment, at least, Portugal's fate rests with the three generals who constitute the ruling Directory: President Francisco da Costa Gomes, Premier Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves and Internal Security Forces Commander Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho (see box page 26). Last week the Directory was installed by the Armed Forces Movement (M.F.A.), the revolution's founding group, and assumed powers previously wielded by the M.F.A.'s 30-man Revolutionary Council. There were immediate signs that the new triumvirate's opponents could expect tough treatment. Arriving back in Lisbon after a visit to Cuba, Saraiva de Carvalho warned, "The M.F.A. is prepared to take the path of very hard repression. It is becoming impossible to have a socialist revolution by completely peaceful means."

Meanwhile, Premier Gonçalves was apparently struggling to assemble a new Cabinet—the fifth since the coup. Al-

though President Costa Gomes announced at midweek that "a new government has been formed," its composition had not been revealed by week's end. Observers in Lisbon therefore concluded that Gonçalves was having great difficulty in persuading any civilians, except Communists and radical leftists, to serve in a Cabinet that would wield the real power, would be dominated by the military. Certain to be absent from the Cabinet are the moderates—the socialists and centrist Popular Democrats who together polled nearly two-thirds of the vote in last April's Constituent assembly election. In opposition to M.F.A.'s recent authoritarian measures, Socialist Party Leader Mario Soares and officials of the Popular Democrats prohibited their party colleagues from participating in the new government. Announcing the Directory as unconstitutional, Soares called for a broad representative "government of national salvation," warning last week that "the rhythm of our revolution is too fast."

Low Profile. When Soares quit Cabinet in mid-July, triggering the cent political crisis, his indirect aim was to topple the pro-Communist Gonçalves. At that time, Soares believed that a majority of the Revolutionary Council sympathized with the moderates and were outraged by Gonçalves' ineptness as an administrator and his increasing close relations with Communist Party boss Cunhal. Whether or not this assessment was correct, Soares seems to have overplayed his hand. At a mammoth



SECURITY FORCES CHIEF SARAIVA DE CARVALHO IS GIVEN WILD WELCOME AT LISBON AIRPORT AFTER HIS RETURN HOME FROM CUBA

ly of 50,000 Socialist supporters in Lisbon, he demanded the ouster of Gonçalves. Apparently viewing the speech as an attack on the military's ability to rule the country, the Council's members closed ranks and backed Gonçalves.

It remains to be seen whether Cunha, who lately has been keeping a very low profile, will be any happier with the troika than Soares is. Creation of the Directory might even be a curb on Gonçalves, since he must share his power with President Costa Gomes, a conciliatory moderate, and with the ambitious Saraiva de Carvalho, a radical leftist who has no use for orthodox Communists. Even the six moderate officers who had boycotted the preliminary meeting, at which the proposal for creating the triumvirate was sketched out, seem to have kept their seats on the Revolutionary Council. When radicals attacked the six dissidents, Costa Gomes allegedly retorted: "The men you are accusing are pillars of the revolution."

Key Prop. The 240-man M.F.A. seems to have almost as many factions as members, yet all of them, in one way or another, are committed to transforming Portugal into some kind of leftist society. Beyond that, though, the M.F.A. is shrouded in secrecy, and its interminable discussions—sometimes lasting until dawn—are closed to the public. "Any revolution must have a little mysticism," explains Minister of Social Communications Jorge Correia Jesuino a naval commander. "We have ours."

At the time of the coup, some foreign observers were astonished that young officers had led the revolt, since the military was widely regarded as a key prop of the Salazar and Caetano regimes. In retrospect, there should have been no surprise. Many of those officers had come from poor families that could not

afford to send them to the universities. For them, therefore, entering a military academy and receiving a regular officer's commission were the only means of obtaining an education and advancing in social status. Gradually, they saw their positions and careers threatened when in 1973 the government began granting regular commissions to conscript officers, who previously had received merely militia commissions. Groups of disgruntled regulars—captains and majors—thus began meeting in secret sessions to vent their frustrations. Eventually, these discussions broadened to include political and social topics. By December 1973, a nucleus of junior officers was already thinking of ways to overthrow the Caetano regime.

What catalyzed these officers and politicized their anger was opposition to the seemingly endless, futile wars Lisbon had been waging since 1961 against liberation movements in Portugal's African territories. Many of them had spent almost all of their military careers in Africa. Not only did they bear the brunt of the fighting and physical hardship, but they were appalled by the war's drain on their country—an estimated 300 killed annually and a continuing expenditure equivalent to 40% of Portugal's national budget. "The officers of the M.F.A. came to realize that they were sitting in Africa, living out their lives for the profit of the Estoril crowd back in Portugal," says Commander Jesuino. "I felt guilty about the role I was playing. We read the literature of the liberation groups we were fighting. We talked with prisoners. We read the doctrines of Che Guevara and Mao and so on—and we thought for ourselves."

These thoughts were idealistic but politically naive. Limited both in knowledge and experience, they lacked the

perspective to weigh the radical theories they absorbed. "The men of the M.F.A. view the world through a narrow spectrum of revolutionary struggle," notes a veteran Western diplomat in Lisbon. "Many of them are very emotional. It is not uncommon to see tears form as they talk about excesses of the great landholding families."

Easy Coup. Almost inevitably, many of the young officers came to regard the repressive Caetano government and the oligarchic capitalists who supported it as their real enemy rather than the African revolutionaries. Toppling the old regime, the military found, was surprisingly easy—the coup was almost bloodless, and it was accomplished in 17 hours. Ambitiously dubbing itself the Junta of National Salvation, the new regime chose as its head António de Spínola, the popular general who had publicly criticized the Caetano regime for continuing the war against the rebel movements in Portugal's African territories. Spínola and the M.F.A. pledged that within a year elections would be held for a Constituent Assembly empowered to draft a democratic constitution.

The coup unleashed long-repressed frustrations. "We fell asleep a half-century ago and have just now woken up," said an old woman in Lisbon. Across the country, hundreds of mini-coups erupted: bakers, lawyers, engineers, journalists and architects ousted the leaders of their unions. Workers took over factories or else demanded huge wage increases—often up to 200%. An alphabet soup of initials covered walls, posters and newspapers, as scores of political parties were formed, ranging from monarchist to Maoist. More ominously, the much persecuted Communist Party (see box page 28) emerged from the underground as the nation's



MEETING OF M.F.A.'S GENERAL ASSEMBLY IN LISBON
Hints of repression and a new get-tough policy.

most dedicated and cohesive political organization.

Spínola seemed to get the new regime off to a good start, appointing a Cabinet containing Socialists, Communists, left-centrists, independents and only one military officer. A centrist law professor, Adelino da Palma Carlos, was chosen Premier. Socialist Soares became Foreign Minister, while Communist Boss Cunhal was named Minister Without Portfolio. The Cabinet's ability to act, however, was severely restricted by ideological differences. On one side stood those committed to democratic processes, such as the Socialists; on the other side were those, like the Communists, who were willing to employ authoritarian means to carry out the revolution. While the Cabinet became bogged down in lengthy discussions, a rash of strikes and demonstrations seemed to be bringing the country close to anarchy.

Leftist Gains. The disorder offended Spínola's sense of discipline. Moreover, his plan for dealing with Portugal's African territories was being resisted by his junta colleagues. He had envisioned Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau and Angola forming a loose federation with Portugal. Leftists within the M.F.A. sided with revolutionaries in the territories and demanded complete independence. In June 1974, Spínola barnstormed across Portugal, visiting army bases and addressing enthusiastic crowds. His message: Portugal's revolution must not be exploited by extremists.

The President became more worried as the Communists and extreme leftists gained influence within the M.F.A. and captured key posts in government bureaucracies. He suffered a major setback when Vasco Gonçalves (then only a colonel) replaced Premier Palma Carlos. Exercising what in retrospect was very poor judgment, Spínola made a desperate attempt to go over the heads of the M.F.A., calling for his country's *maioria silenciosa* (silent majority) to back him. A mammoth rally in sup-

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port of the President, scheduled for late September, soon became a test of the moderates v. extremists. Under pressure from the M.F.A., Spínola canceled the rally. Three days later, on Sept. 30, he resigned and was succeeded by his close friend General Costa Gomes.

Spínola's fall hastened the revolution's leftward momentum. It removed the archenemy of the Communist Party and its fellow-traveling Democratic Movement. Together they soon obtained viselike control over scores of local administrations, trade unions, newspapers and radio stations. At the same time,

Cunhal carefully courted the military, supporting the leftists within the M.F.A. on every issue.

Cunhal's most valuable ally was Gonçalves. The Premier backed the move to merge all trade unions into a single organization: the Communist-dominated Intersindical. He looked away when the Communists and extreme leftists physically prevented a center-right party from holding its organizing conference and disrupted Socialist election rallies. Red intimidation, in effect, prevented rightists and most centrists from participating in public life.

Mounting authoritarianism accompanied the swing leftward. Military men soon occupied half the Cabinet's seats, and COPCON (Continental Operations Command) was established as an elite police force, empowered to do whatever was needed to maintain public order.

The M.F.A.'s intrusion into the political process became nearly complete after Spínola ineptly allowed himself to be associated with a poorly planned, abortive rightist coup last March. In its aftermath, Spínola fled to Brazil, while the M.F.A. moved swiftly to institutionalize its power. A Revolutionary Council, composed entirely of military men, was endowed with sweeping legislative and administrative powers.

The Socialists and other moderates looked upon these developments with apprehension. Their only hope for curbing the excesses of leftist zeal was the promised elections for the Constituent Assembly. Indeed, when the elections were held on April 25, the Socialists won 38% of the vote and the Popular Democrats 26%. The Communists polled a mere 12.5%. This was a personal triumph for Soares, 50, the Socialists' warm, gregarious chief, who had mingled easily with crowds as he campaigned across the country.

Soares' public exposure as Foreign Minister and his role as principal negotiator of the treaties granting the African territories their independence had

made him his country's most popular figure. In his youth, he was attracted to Communism, but eventually rejected the party. Reason: he was unable to swallow the concept of the dictatorship of the proletariat. The danger of such a dictatorship, in fact, was the message he preached during the election campaign: "The Socialist Party will never sacrifice freedom in the name of socialism," he vowed time and again. Apparently a majority of the electorate agreed.

Final Blow. Yet the moderates' victory at the polls was hollow; two weeks before the elections, as a condition for getting on the ballot, six parties, including the Communists and Socialists, signed a document agreeing to let the M.F.A.'s Revolutionary Council serve as the country's ultimate rulers for three to five years.

The Communists and extreme left refused to be chastened by their poor showing at the polls and increased their offensive against the moderates. At the plant of *República*, the pro-Communist printers took control of the publication away from its Socialist editors; the M.F.A. intervened—ineffectively, as it turned out—and eventually let the workers keep the paper. The final blow to the Socialists was the M.F.A.'s endorsement last month of a scheme to establish local revolutionary councils that would bypass the political parties (TIM, July 21). "We have not left even Algalia on our right!" exclaimed a shocked moderate, with a dose of hyperbole Soares withdrew his party from the Cabinet and called for a series of nationwide rallies. There too he failed: instead of forcing the M.F.A. to broaden its political base, his challenge triggered the creation of the Directory. With it, the exclusion of moderates from the government is complete.

How long this new regime will last

SOCIALIST CHIEF MARIO SOARES



is another question, since the military—even with the help of some talented Western-oriented technocrats—has driven Portugal's economy into the ground. There are at least 270,000 unemployed (8% of the work force), the rate of inflation exceeds 30% annually, and the current balance of payments deficit could exhaust foreign reserves by the end of the year (TIME, July 28).

Meanwhile, an exodus of Portuguese is under way, and it is one the country can ill afford: a "gray drain" (as the Portuguese call the brain drain) of highly trained professionals such as managers, engineers, bankers, doctors, lawyers and economists. Most of these middle-class executives and professionals head for Brazil; by the end of this year, about 200,000 Portuguese are expected to migrate to Brazil to escape either the revolution at home or the changed situation in the liberated African territories.

Among the exiles are members of Portugal's legendary "Twenty Families"—the tight-knit, moneyed oligarchy that completely dominated their nation's economy and cooperated closely with the fascist regime. While an M.F.A. blacklist prohibits all wealthy businessmen from emigrating, many have managed to flee. Some literally walked across the border into Spain, while others sailed from Portugal's ports in their yachts—before the navy began patrolling the coast to prevent such escapes.

Scared Off. The lack of any credible policy aggravates the economy's malaise. "Until there is stability of some kind, no one will have any confidence," observed a Lisbon businessman. "Right now, I'd accept anything except the Maoists if the government could only make it stick." Foreign investors have been scared off by the constant flux of the M.F.A.'s policies, and speeches such as that last week by Premier Gonçalves before a labor leaders' meeting in Lisbon. "Ours is a fight to the death against capitalism!" he boomed. "The forces of great capital, whether domestic or international, are multiple."

The Directory is also challenged by political problems outside continental Portugal. In the lush, verdant Azores, 1,000 miles off Portugal's coast—and site of the U.S.'s important Lajes airbase—there is increasingly serious talk of breaking away from Lisbon. Mild discontent has long simmered in the islands. The 300,000 inhabitants have resented paying higher taxes and higher prices than the mainland Portuguese. In recent months, this bitterness has flared into open hostility as the predominantly conservative Azorians have been jolted by the leftward drift of the mainland's politics.

Violence has also erupted in the remnants of Portugal's five-century-old African empire. Guinea-Bissau and Mozambique have already achieved full independence without major incident. But Angola, scheduled to become independent on Nov. 11, is engulfed in a cost-

ly and bloody struggle between rival liberation movements. In the past month, the fighting between the Maoist National Front for the Liberation of Angola and the pro-Soviet Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola has claimed an estimated 500 lives in Luanda alone. Whether it wants to or not, Lisbon will have to keep its 25,000 troops in Angola until independence in order to avoid a civil war that could threaten the safety of the 400,000 Portuguese living there. At week's end there were reports from South Africa that Portugal would begin a massive two-month airlift to rescue the white settlers. This, however, would not end the problems the settlers could pose for the triumvirate. Relocated in Portugal, they would probably make up an embittered and impoverished bloc that would blame the regime for not doing more to protect Portuguese interests in Africa.

These problems, plus the need to fashion a viable political structure for the country, will test the Directory's staying power. Prospects for its stability are not too good, since most collective leaderships have been the victims of their members' quests for unshared power. Octavian outmaneuvered his fellow triumvirs—Mark Antony and Lepidus—to become undisputed ruler of ancient Rome, and Soviet history is littered with collective leaderships that failed. Following Lenin's death, Stalin served on two consecutive triumvirates, each time ruthlessly eliminating his supposedly coequal partners. After Stalin, the various members of the Kremlin's new collective kept vying with each other for supremacy until Nikita Khrushchev emerged at the top.

Almost as important as the rivalry among the triumvirs will be the ongoing struggle between the Socialists and Communists. The members of the M.F.A. are, on the whole, suspicious of civilian politicians. The officers also have an almost mystical belief that the military can be directly responsive to the will of the people by skipping such niceties as political parties, constitutions and free elections. Not surprisingly, this naive attitude has been exploited by the Communists, who are well aware that they stand no chance of winning an honest election. At the same time, Cunhal has tried to moderate his party's image by dropping some radical planks from its program, like the demand that "imperialists" be expelled from Portugal and foreign companies be confiscated.

The Communist Party boss has also paid frequent lip service to democracy and emphasized a pragmatic reform program to bring all Portuguese "a bet-



NUNS IN BRAGANÇA JOIN PROTEST AGAINST THE TROIKA
"The revolution is being betrayed!"

ter life." Although this moderate stance is probably only a ploy, Cunhal has been able to take much of the edge off his own reputation as a ruthless Stalinist. Even the least sympathetic officers have been impressed by the Communist Party's discipline, its effective organization and—perhaps above all—its loyal collaboration with the military. Only rarely does Cunhal drop his guard and publicly deride parliaments, elections and democratic freedoms.

By contrast, the Socialists often appear to the officers as people who talk too much, lack discipline and unfairly criticize the M.F.A. But Soares hopes that a majority of the M.F.A. will eventually have to respect the huge following the Socialists and other moderate parties have throughout the country. In recent weeks Soares has demonstrated a spirited determination to challenge the Communists and the radical left by mobilizing those masses into rallies that have attracted as many as 70,000 participants.

Ripe Target. Is there anything the U.S. and Western Europe can do to aid Portugal's democrats? In other years and other circumstances, Portugal's confused political situation might have been considered a ripe target for intervention by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. There is absolutely no evidence, however, that the CIA has tried to influence the Portuguese situation. The West could provide moral support; this would probably boost the moderates' standing in the eyes of the M.F.A. In fact, that was the main purpose behind last weekend's meeting in Stockholm between Soares and Western Europe's leading Social Democrats, who have given his party modest financial support. Soares has also developed good relations with such pragmatic Communist bosses as Italy's Enrico Berlinguer and Spain's Santiago Carrillo, who are wary of Cunhal's Stalinist tendencies. The Soviet Union and other East European nations have been more active in supplying the Communists with funds. Estimates of the

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amount range from an implausibly high \$120 million a year to a more realistic \$15 million.

Despite this aid, there is good reason to think that the Russians are a bit concerned that Cunha may push Lisbon leftward too quickly. If Moscow is too blatantly associated with such developments, it could galvanize the West into taking some kind of concerted, direct action to help the moderates. This might then jeopardize Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev's cherished dream of détente. Washington has made it unmistakably clear that it will not tolerate any meddling by Moscow in Portugal's internal affairs. Shortly before flying to the Helsinki Conference, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger warned that "to the extent the Soviet Union is active in Por-

tugal, we consider it incompatible with the spirit of relaxation."

How valuable is Portugal to the alliance? Theoretically, the military and naval surveillance functions carried out by NATO from Portuguese bases could be done elsewhere; the U.S. airbases in Spain are strategically more important than Lajes Field in the Azores. Nonetheless, the organization would find it awkward, at best, to let Portugal remain a member if Lisbon's government was dominated by the Communists or more extreme leftists. Such a development could strategically affect the western end of the Mediterranean and access to the Strait of Gibraltar; it could also influence the course of Spain's development in the post-Franco era.

Western European leaders are seem-

ingly less worried than Washington is about the dangers, but they are nonetheless unhappy with developments in Lisbon. In an attempt to bolster the Portuguese moderates, the Common Market has told Lisbon that it cannot expect economic aid until there are assurances that Portugal will become a pluralistic society. Declared West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher: "We have no interest in promoting a dictatorial development."

The enthronement of the Directory is a watershed for Portugal's revolution. Convinced of its own infallibility, the M.F.A. has chosen to ignore the mood of the country, which, according to both

The Cork, the Ideologue, the Playboy

Before the April revolution, the three soldiers who are dominating the Lisbon government were virtually unknown outside Portugal. Today, they are international figures at the center of one of the century's most portentous, unpredictable political upheavals. These, for the moment at least, are the men responsible for Portugal's uncertain future:

FRANCISCO DA COSTA GOMES, President, is known in Lisbon political circles as "the cork"; that is because he always manages to bob to the surface after every storm. Conciliatory and pragmatic, always searching for ways to avoid conflict, Costa Gomes, 61, is the kind of avuncular friend that others turn to in moments of crisis. Thus, although he did not take an active role in the April 1974 revolution, he was the first choice of the captains and majors who led the armed forces to head the Junta of National Salvation. After the coup succeeded, he was appointed chief of staff of the armed forces by the new government. When his old friend António de Spínola was ousted as President of the revolutionary government, Costa Gomes was the logical man to take over the top job.

Born in 1914 in the northern Portuguese town of Chaves (renowned for its smoked ham), Costa Gomes entered the military at an early age, graduating from cavalry school at 19. He rose slowly through the ranks, earned a degree in mathematics from the University of Oporto in 1944, and served two years of NATO duty in Norfolk, Va. He commanded Portuguese forces in Angola from 1970 until 1972 and was armed forces chief of staff until shortly before the coup, when he and Spínola were sacked during the old regime for refusing to sign an oath of allegiance to former Premier Marcello Caetano.

As President, Costa Gomes has done

away with much of the pomp and ceremony that previously surrounded the office. He rarely wears a uniform and is not excessively demanding of his staff, with whom he maintains a casual, non-military relationship. They show up at the presidential offices in Belem Palace in shirtsleeves without ties and call Costa Gomes "Chico," short for Francisco. He is said to be an easygoing boss. Married and the father of one son aged 19, he has a quiet, unassuming private life; his main amusements are horseback riding and swimming. Occasionally, he will visit musical cabaret comedies in Lisbon, an activity he prefers to keep out of the public eye.

Costa Gomes is considered by some political observers to be the shrewdest of the country's ruling triumvirate; certainly he is the most prudent and moderate. His critics charge that the President is an opportunist who fears taking risks and waffles until the game is nearly over and a winner is emerging. At that moment, Costa Gomes marches to the front and takes control. So far, it has proved to be a successful strategy, but of course, sometimes even corks sink.

VASCO DOS SANTOS GONÇALVES, Premier, is the ideologue of Portugal's top leadership and probably its most intellectual figure. One of the chief architects of the revolution, Gonçalves, 54, is described by his supporters as "austere and scholarly," a man passionately committed to the cause of social justice in Portugal. His detractors say he is volatile and emotionally unstable, a self-righteous, temperamental missionary who fervently believes he knows what is best for the Portuguese people—whether they like it or not.

The son of a famous soccer star of Lisbon's Benfica team, Gonçalves spent most of his active military career as an engineer. While still in the army, he



COSTA GOMES IN LISBON

earned considerable civilian income as stockholder and manager of a construction firm. A veteran of the wars in both Mozambique and Angola, he was an early opponent of (and frequent plotter against) the Salazar and Caetano regimes. The leftist ideas he picked up in the military also made him an opponent of Spínola after that conservative general became President. When the M.F.A. decided a year ago that the revolution was not moving fast enough, radical officers readily turned to Gonçalves, who became Premier. He refuses to say whether or not he has ever been a member of the Communist Party, and, in fact, many foreign observers who have met him are convinced that he has some muddled notions about Marxism and that many of his economic ideas are hopelessly simplistic. But there is no doubt that he is the chief spokesman for Communist interests within the M.F.A.

Gonçalves can be counted on to represent those interests energetically, in-

April's elections and more recent polls, strongly favors pluralism and a gradual path to socialism. By claiming total authority, the military rulers make themselves publicly accountable for the condition of the economy. Failure to solve Portugal's problems will surely create widespread public dissatisfaction.

Two Scenarios. Veteran observers of Lisbon's often baffling politics see two possible scenarios in the ensuing months, both focus on the left because rightist forces at present are completely scattered and discredited. One scenario is a relatively quick disintegration of the troika, with Gonçalves as the likely loser and the mercurial Saraiva de Carvalho emerging as a new strongman. Despite his popularity with the radical masses, the charismatic boss of the se-

curity forces would polarize discontent; he could only govern by imposing the kind of repressive measures the April 25 revolution supposedly abolished for good. Cunha's party might be forced back into the opposition if that came to pass, because, it is believed, Saraiva de Carvalho has adopted the Maoist left's contempt for orthodox, pro-Soviet Communists. Because of their discipline, however, the Communists would be in good position to pick up the pieces if Saraiva de Carvalho should be unable to solve Portugal's economic problems.

The second and more optimistic prospect is that Socialist Mário Soares could form a working alliance with Ernesto Melo Antunes, Foreign Minister in the outgoing government, and other sophisticated moderate officers in the

M.F.A. In light of recent political events, this scenario is barely credible, but it envisions Soares and the moderates convincing a majority of uncommitted officers in the M.F.A. that they must, for the nation's sake, respect the political feelings of the majority of Portuguese. To do this, Soares would have to define and present a realistic economic and social program and have the courage to mobilize the mass of nonradical Portuguese in support of it. Says one hopeful European diplomat in Lisbon: "As the economy slides and as the regime's lack of authority becomes more evident, the moment could arrive." If and when it does come, it could be the only chance that Portugal's revolution has of accomplishing something other than merely exchanging one dictatorship for another.



SARAIVA DE CARVALHO'S WELCOME IN LISBON AFTER CUBAN TRIP



PREMIER GONCALVES AT PRESS CONFERENCE

—although he is regarded as a somewhat slapdash executive himself. Devoted to his family (two children), Gonçalves relaxes by swimming at the deserted, rocky Guincho Beach on the Atlantic coast, where he owns a simple cottage. Gonçalves often chooses an area of giant waves and a powerful undertow; characteristically, he seems to welcome the danger.

OTELO SARAIVA DE CARVALHO, Security Chief, is the closest thing the Portuguese revolution has to a genuine popular hero. Theatrical and flamboyant, he is described by one observer as an "ebullient, mischievous man with a flair for outrageous statements," and by another as "the only one in the troika who's got balls." Saraiva de Carvalho is popularly known by his first name—or, as adoring crowds chant it, "O-tell-u." His power base is COPCON, the 70,000-member military force that after the revolution assumed responsibility for public peace from the discredited Caetano police. His command of COPCON has made Saraiva de Carvalho the fastest rising star in Portugal. Still, he has his detractors. Spínola is reported to have once said that Saraiva

de Carvalho "should never have got above sergeant." Many Portuguese regard him as a not-too-bright, womanizing playboy—hence his unflattering sobriquet "O tolo" (the brainless one).

Despite his playboy image—reinforced by his jaunty way of peacocking about in an ever-crisp uniform—Saraiva de Carvalho has proved himself to be a tough, if opportunistic leader. Born in 1936 in Lourenço Marques, the capital of Mozambique, he first aspired to a theatrical career—in fact his parents named him for Shakespeare's Othello. Since his family lacked money for acting lessons, he joined the army instead. He served for five years in Angola and for three in Guinea-Bissau under Spínola, who, in a never forgotten slight, excluded the brash young captain from his inner circle of trusted officers.

Saraiva de Carvalho got his revenge last year when he helped oust Spínola from the presidency; at 38, he had become the youngest brigadier general in Portugal's history. Saraiva de Carvalho's true political ideas are something of a mystery. Most recently, he has associated himself with Portugal's ultra-leftists and backed the creation of councils of workers and peasants that would express the will of the people and link them with the M.F.A. But his radicalism seems to be of an independent variety that would keep Portugal as distant from Moscow as from Washington. Many foreign observers believe Saraiva de Carvalho is essentially an opportunist who might even join with military moderates to topple Gonçalves and the Communists. The one certain thing is his disdain for politicians. Returning to Lisbon last week after a nine-day visit to Cuba—where he participated enthusiastically in the anniversary celebrations of Fidel Castro's revolution—he announced at the airport that last April's elections, which gave the Socialists a plurality, were irrelevant. Said he: "The dynamic of the revolution is what counts."



COMMUNIST PARTY LEADER ALVARO CUNHAL SPEAKING TO THE FAITHFUL

How the Communists Survived

It is pouring rain. At 2 a.m. a man with a bicycle arrives at a water mill. His shoes and trousers are covered with mud. He knocks at the door.

"What do you want?"

"I am the shoemaker from Santarém," he replies.

A second man appears. "Did you bring the measurements?" the second man asks.

"Yes, I have them," Vaz then produces the insole of a shoe with part of it missing. Manuel pulls the other part out of his pocket. The pieces match.

"Enter."

That is a typical incident from *Are Amanhã, Camaradas* (Until Tomorrow, Comrades), a faintly fictionalized account of life in the Portuguese Communist Party underground. The book, written by a pseudonymous "Manuel Tiago," and currently being widely read in Lisbon, helps explain one of the mysteries of Portuguese politics: how a small Communist Party founded in 1921 as an outgrowth of the working-class anarchist movement emerged as the most cohesive political force in Portugal at the time of the April revolution. For nearly 50 years, its members had been hunted, jailed and tortured by the secret police of the Salazar-Caetano dictatorship. How did they manage to survive?

Even today, party members are reluctant to discuss their underground activities. "After all," says Party Chief Alvaro Cunhal, 61, "we may have to go back underground some day." His deputy, Octavio Pato, claims that good organization has at least partly been the answer: "There were big cells and small cells, a structure that was relatively centralized. The overwhelming majority of the Central Committee was inside Portugal, and that is one of the reasons the

party managed to survive." Indeed, according to António Dias Lourenço, editor of the Communist weekly *Avante*, the party emerged from hiding with no fewer than 15,000 paid-up members.

By all accounts, the *clandestinidade* (the clandestine life) was one of penury and privation, financial sacrifice and personal frustration, torture and sometimes death. Party members frequently worked at night, hiding messages under loose stones in the walls of village huts marked with a thin line of blue pencil. Copies of *Avante*, which was published at a series of underground presses, were delivered at night and left in trees and under doors or concealed in religious pamphlets. When money was needed for one purpose or another, members staged raffles and bazaars.

There was also some help from outside. Party Chief Cunhal enjoyed close links with Moscow and Prague, where he spent nearly 14 years in exile. He even supported the 1968 Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia—the only West European party leader to do so. Jan Sejna, a onetime major general in the Czech army who defected in 1968 and is now in Washington, has testified that in an average year, Moscow supplied \$820,000 for the Portuguese Communists and rebels in the African colonies. There were other forms of assistance: under orders from the Soviets, Czech Communists printed newspapers and pamphlets for the Portuguese, provided false documents and organized contacts abroad.

To screen out police spies, prospective members were rigorously investigated. PIDE, Salazar's secret police, was never able to infiltrate the topmost echelons of the party, but it did place agents in smaller cells and made frequent arrests. Suspected Communists were tor-

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tured to betray other comrades; few broke, but some did not survive. "They were barbarians," says *Avante* Editor Dias Lourenço, who was freed at the time of the revolution after 17 years in prison. Once, he recalls, he spent two nights "under the rubber whip while they tried to get me to talk. All I said was, 'I'm listening.'"

Party Boss Cunhal spent 13 years behind bars, eight of them in solitary. He became something of a legend, even among non-Communists, for his daring 1960 escape with nine other prisoners from Lisbon's infamous Peniche Prison, which sits on a rocky promontory overlooking the Atlantic. The inmates were aided by a sympathetic guard who marched them one by one underneath his rain cape to a 60-ft. wall overlooking the sea. Using a rope of knotted sheets, they climbed down and were able to swim to shore, where waiting cars picked them up.

Party members used aliases (Cunhal was known as "Duarte," Pato as "Melo" and "Fresão") and did not have legitimate identity papers—a particularly risky status during World War II—thus they were often not even able to send their children to school. The youngsters had to be taught informally at home or packed off to live with relatives. Says Pato: "This was the most painful thing for parents who had to live underground." Many of the children were pressed into service for the party as messengers and typesetters.

The Communist Party's strongest following has traditionally been in the impoverished Alentejo region south of the Tagus River, an area of huge farms owned by absentee landlords. There, tenant sharecroppers and migrant workers barely subsisted producing cork, olives, a few pigs and some wheat. Laborers frequently went hungry in the midst of unworked estates that had been turned into private hunting preserves.

The Communists were also able to capitalize on worker dissatisfaction in Lisbon and other big cities. The old regime advertised Portugal to foreign investors as "a land of cheap labor." The Communists worked persistently within the framework of the legal labor syndicates. By the time of the revolution, they controlled the Bank Workers Union, the Metallurgical Workers Union, the Shopworkers Union and several other major organizations. Their strength was such that in the months prior to the ouster of the old regime, they were able to call out 100,000 workers in wildcat strikes and send thousands of students into the streets—thus setting the stage for the climactic military coup that ended half a century of right-wing dictatorship. Nonetheless, for all their heroism and staying power, the Communists were able to garner only 12.5% of the vote in last April's election—leaving them still very much a minority party.

NIGERIA

Exit of a 'Gentle Soldier'

*All the world's a stage.
And all the men and women merely
players.
They have their exits and their
entrances.*

With that Shakespearean shrug and a gracious pledge of loyalty to the new regime, Nigeria's "gentle soldier," Major General Yakubu Gowon, philosophically acquiesced to a bloodless palace coup that last week ousted him as his country's head of state. Gowon, who himself came to power following a coup in 1966, was the fifth leader of Black Africa to be deposed by a military revolt in the past 16 months.* He was also the first head of state on the continent to be deprived of office while attending a summit meeting of the Organization of African Unity (see following story).

Gowon's curious equanimity may have come from foreknowledge of events that only seemed to overtake him. A member of the Nigerian delegation at the OAU meeting in the Ugandan capital of Kampala told reporters Gowon had suspected a plot before he left for the summit. He had even questioned Colonel Joseph Namvan Garba, commander of the elite brigade that served as Gowon's bodyguard, about it. Garba, who later broadcast the first announcement of the revolt over Nigerian radio, denied all. Nonetheless, Gowon reportedly told him: "If you are plotting, let it be on your conscience and let it be without bloodshed. I must go to Kampala anyway." Whether apocryphal or not, the story reflected the singular lack of personal ambition that had marked Gowon's leadership since power was virtually thrust upon him nine years ago. It also reflected the diffident style of leadership that had thwarted his attempts to deal with an interlocking set of crises.

Genuine Fear. Although oil revenues have made Nigeria Black Africa's wealthiest nation, inflation has ranged from 30% to 80% since January, when Gowon acceded to civil servants' demands for pay increases of up to 133%. That provoked widespread strikes among workers who were less generously treated. A wave of walkouts in public services left the country without adequate power or water supplies for weeks at a time. Meanwhile, student demonstrators, angry over Gowon's announcement that he would be unable to keep a longstanding promise to return the country to civilian rule by 1976, forced three universities to shut down.

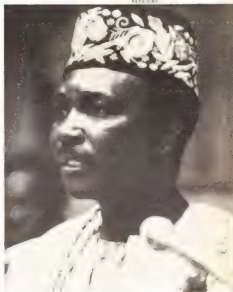
The postponement of elections was motivated by Gowon's genuine fear that if he relinquished power, the nation

would be racked by a renewal of the tribal hostilities that claimed more than a million lives during the fratricidal Biafran war of 1967-70. His fears were based partly on the bitter controversy generated by publication of suspect 1973 census figures. Those ranked the Moslem Hausa and Fulani tribesmen of northern Nigeria as more numerous—and therefore more politically powerful under the proposed electoral system—than the predominantly Christian Ibos of the south and the Yorubas of the west.

The latest economic and political

more decisive—and possibly less humane—manner than Gowon. He has already cleaned house thoroughly, sacking all army commanders and their top aides, all Cabinet members and all the provincial governors of Nigeria's twelve states.

There are no serious ideological differences between Gowon and Mohammed; both are defenders of African nationalism and free enterprise. But there are tribal differences. Gowon is a Christian northerner from the relatively small Anga tribe. Nigeria's new leader is a Hausa Moslem with strong tribal loyalties—a factor that led Gowon to regard Mohammed as a threat to his own Lincolnian policy of "national conciliation" after the Biafran civil war. The least sign of regional or tribal chauvin-



MOHAMMED MAKING FIRST SPEECH AS HEAD OF STATE, GOWON AFTER LEARNING OF COUP
"If you are plotting, let it be on your conscience."

crises compounded Nigeria's more chronic problems, which include a notorious degree of corruption—known locally as "dash"—among military and government officials. As one Nigerian newspaper editor recently observed, "If original sin goes back to the Garden of Eden, then Adam must have been a Nigerian." Although Gowon is considered irreproachably honest, he was unable to control the widespread graft that helped prevent equitable distribution of the nation's oil wealth (\$8 billion for 1974) to most of the 79 million Nigerians, who must still survive on an average per capita income of \$120 a year.

The inheritor of these problems as Nigeria's new head of state is Brigadier Murtala Rufai Mohammed, 38, formerly Minister of Communications and architect of the 1966 coup that brought Gowon to power. Mohammed, who earned a reputation as the army's most brutally efficient commander during the Biafran war, is expected to govern in a

ism on Mohammed's part might well lead to counter coup or renewed civil war. Foreign diplomats in Nigeria also fear that Mohammed's Moslem background might lead to a less moderate policy toward the Arab-Israeli conflict. Under Gowon's leadership, Nigeria, an OPEC member and in recent months the largest exporter of crude oil to the U.S., did not participate in the Arab boycott against Israel's allies after the 1973 Middle East war.

Full Pension. Announcing his assumption of office, Mohammed was strongly critical of Gowon, charging that under him "the affairs of state became characterized by lack of consultation, indiscipline and even neglect." Mohammed, though, was not vengeful. He said that Gowon would be welcome to return to Nigeria "as soon as conditions are such that his security can be guaranteed." The ousted leader, moreover, would be awarded a "full pension befitting his rank."

*The others deposed were Niger's President Hamani Diori, Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie, Madagascar's head of state Gabriel Ramanantsoa and Chad's President Njarta Tombalbaye.

AFRICA

Big Daddy: The Perfect Host

Any political gathering held on the home turf of Uganda's dictatorial President Idi Amin Dada was bound to be a bit bizarre. The twelfth annual summit of the Organization of African Unity in Kampala last week easily lived up—or down—to expectations. "I will not embarrass you because of the confidence you have shown in me," "Big Daddy" promised as he became OAU chairman for the coming year. Nonetheless President Amin—who had generously promoted himself to the rank of field marshal for the occasion—proceeded to put on a *divertissement* that could not fail to embarrass delegates who had come to Kampala for serious business.

Brutal Actions. Traditionally, the rotating OAU chairmanship honors the leader of the host nation for each year's summit. Perhaps fearing the worst, moderate African leaders plotted desperately to bypass Big Daddy when Uganda's turn as host rolled unavoidably around this year. In the past, the continent's heads of state have tended to ignore Amin's buffoonery and instability. Recently, though, they have been embarrassed by growing evidence of his brutal actions. Since Big Daddy seized power four years ago, an estimated 50,000 enemies of his regime have been murdered. He has expelled another 50,000 longtime Asian residents from his country and amply displayed his arrogant cruelty—most recently by dangling British Writer Denis Hills (TIME, July 7) at the end of a death sentence until British authorities pleaded for clemency.

Ultimately, only 19 of the 46 OAU

heads of state turned up at Kampala. Three nations—Tanzania, Zambia and Botswana—boycotted the assemblage to protest Big Daddy's presence in the chair, and 24 others sent lesser delegations. The unexpected overthrow of Nigeria's Yakubu Gowon at mid-meeting cast another pall. Four participants—Congo's Marien Ngouabi, Gabon's Omar Bongo, Cameroon's Ahmadou Ahidjo and Niger's Seyni Kountché—quickly lit out for home. "Maybe they're not exactly afraid," commented one Arab delegate. "Just prudent."

For those who showed, reported TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs, it was a convention to remember. Delegates were met at Entebbe International Airport by bare-breasted dancers, native drummers and Big Daddy himself. The highlight of a presummit cocktail party was the entrance of Amin, ensconced in a sedan chair toted by four otherwise staid British businessmen who live in Uganda; Big Daddy's 280-lb bulk, it was jokingly explained, was now "the white man's burden." Amin squeezed out a few tunes on an accordion to entertain his guests and proudly showed off a presidential menagerie that included a crocodile, an ostrich, a leopard and a chimpanzee.

Television Network. Amin waved the green flag to start a special OAU road rally, then jumped into his Maserati to participate briefly in the race; his assistant driver was a comely young Ugandan woman identified only as Amin's "very good friend" and as "Miss Sarah." At week's end Miss Sarah became Amin's second wife (he had four last year but divorced three of them).

At Kampala's football stadium, 6,000 children went through card drills, in which they flashed such messages as "We are happy under the care of Marshal Amin" and "The imperialists are our enemies." Soldiers did military drills to a curious tempo—selections by Vienna's operetta king, Franz Lehár. Uganda's air force bombed an island in Lake Victoria renamed "Cape Town View" for the occasion. That was to demonstrate how Big Daddy planned to deal with the white racists of South Africa and Rhodesia.

Amin's mismanagement and his lavish expenditure on military hardware have reduced Uganda's economy to a shambles. Neighboring nations now refuse to sell Amin goods except for cash in advance. Last week, however, thanks to a special loan of \$30 million from Saudi Arabia's King Khalid to Amin, a cornucopia of salt, sugar, eggs, butter, chickens, and whisky appeared in Uganda. "I have won the economic war," Amin bragged as he dedicated, of all unnecessary things, a color television network, which serves a scant



BEARING "THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN"
An embarrassing *divertissement*.

350 sets, during summit ceremonies.

A million rolls of toilet paper had been imported for the occasion, as well as enough tabasco sauce to satiate Ugandan palates for years to come. Nonetheless soap was often unavailable, and items in many shops carried discreet "for display only" signs. "If the field marshal has won the war," one Kampala storekeeper said, "we cannot afford any more victories or we will all go broke." A group calling itself the Uganda Liberation Committee set off a series of bombs in the capital to protest extravagance while peasants still went without medicine or hospitals.

Troubled Angola. Despite Amin's sideshows, the summit managed to dispose of a serious agenda of 41 items. It admitted four new member nations—Mozambique, the Cape Verde Islands, São Tomé and Príncipe, and the Comoro Islands. It voted to send a "conciliation committee" to troubled Angola rather than the peace-keeping force that Amin recommended. It opted for further negotiations with Rhodesia to achieve eventual black rule, rather than the invasion that Amin demanded. Rebuffing militant Arab members, the OAU voted only for increased pressure on Israel to observe United Nations resolutions on withdrawal from occupied territory, rather than the U.N. expulsion or immediate suspension that the Arabs had sought. Finally, the members agreed to hold their next summit—presuming the OAU can survive a full year with Big Daddy Amin at its head—on the Indian Ocean island of Mauritius.



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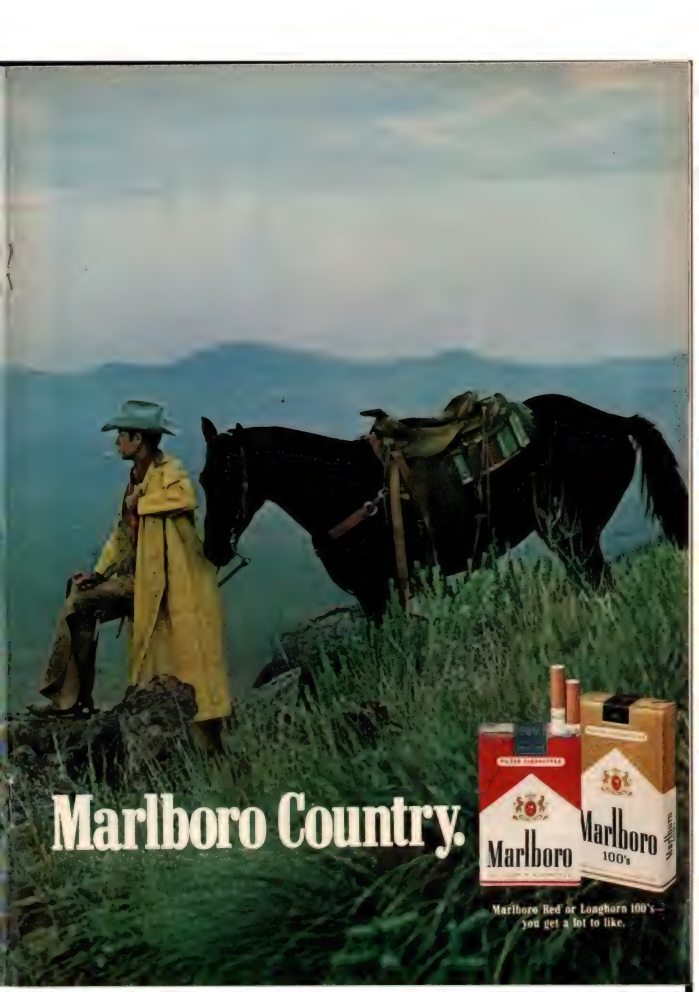
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GREECE

The Colonels on Trial

"It's the best damn jail in Europe," boasted erstwhile Greek Strongman George Papadopoulos in 1968, brushing off reports that under his rule, thousands of Greek political prisoners had been held in Athens' Korydallos prison. Last week Papadopoulos himself, after seven months in Korydallos, became the principal defendant in a mass trial at the prison. Along with 19 other former members of the ousted military junta, the ex-dictator was charged with acts of high treason and insurrection that had subjected Greece to 7½ years of dictatorship, from 1967 to 1974. The maximum penalty for insurrection: death by firing squad.

Fearful of both right-wing plots to spring the defendants from prison and left-wing assassination attempts, the democratic government of Premier Constantine Karamanlis staged an impressive show of military strength at a trial that had been described as "Greece's Nuremberg." Outside Korydallos, 1,000 soldiers armed with submachine guns stood guard; road approaches to the prison were patrolled by tanks. Inside the prison, security police carefully checked the prisoners' box, the benches, the air conditioners and the overhead lights for hidden weapons and explosives. Only after these precautions had been taken were the colonels trotted out into public view for the first time since they were arrested in January.

Defense Strategy. Papadopoulos gave the signal for the defense strategy. His once jet-black hair now streaked with gray, his round face disfigured by boils, the fallen dictator said that while he assumed "full responsibility" for the April 1967 revolution, he refused to defend himself. Following suit, former Deputy Premiers Stylianos Pattakos and Nikólas Makarezos declared they would not participate in the trial either. Brigadier General Dimitrios Ioannides, who took power from the colonels in 1973, announced with a smile that the trial was "unfortunately not interesting."

Defense lawyers justified their clients' abstentions by arguing that the Karamanlis government had prejudged their case by retroactively ruling the 1967 coup to be a criminal offense. Lawyers for 16 of the defendants then walked out of the courtroom, arguing that they could not conduct a defense "in this climate of terror and violence." Exasperated, the president of the court, Yiannis Deyanitis, who was appointed a high court judge under the junta, yelled, "Let all those who wish to leave—leave!"

It soon became clear that the case against the colonels on the charge of insurrection might be hard to prove. The key issue was whether or not the colonels had in fact seized power illegally in 1967. But their superior officer, Lieut. General Gregorios Spandidakis, the



PAPADOPOULOS (CENTER) WITH MAKAREZOS & PATTAKOS ON TRIAL IN ATHENS

army chief of staff—now also on trial—had approved and even joined the coup. Moreover, Premier Karamanlis himself had tacitly accepted the junta's legitimacy. It was the junta that summoned Karamanlis back to Greece to form a new government last year, and it was a President appointed by the colonels, Phaedon Gizikis, who swore in Karamanlis as Premier. Evidence that the colonels had set up a legal government was unexpectedly reinforced by testimony of a prosecution witness. Panayotis Kanellopoulos, the Premier from whom the colonels took power, stated at the trial that no less a figure than former King Constantine had legitimized the junta's rule.

Loyal Officials. Kanellopoulos, a highly respected leader of the National Radical Union, told how he had been arrested at machine-gun point by junta soldiers and taken to the monarch in 1967. He urged the King, who was also commander in chief of the armed forces, to order loyal officers to crush the colonels' rebellion. The weak and inexperienced Constantine, then 27, refused, fearing bloodshed. Instead, he swore the colonels into office.

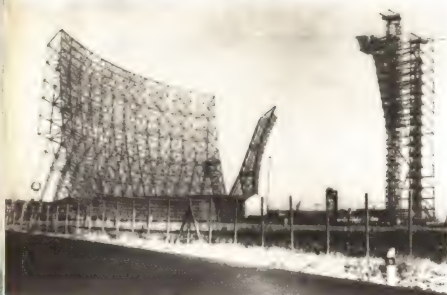
Kanellopoulos' testimony undermined the charge of insurrection. But the accusations of high treason—for acting against the national interest—will probably be strengthened next week when Andreas Papandreu, head of the Panhellenic Socialist Movement, will reportedly name CIA officials as the colonels' co-conspirators. The maximum penalty for high treason is life imprisonment, but the junta leaders are expected to get off with lighter sentences. Although extremists have called for retributive justice, most Greeks merely wish to see them judged under the law.

TURKEY

Eyeless in Ankara

One of the more coddled leaders at Helsinki last week unexpectedly turned out to be Turkey's Premier Süleyman Demirel. Though President Ford had dozens of other heads of government waiting in line for talks, he reserved a long breakfast one morning in order to urge Demirel unsuccessfully to accept \$50 million in U.S. aid. Soviet Leader Leonid Brezhnev, meanwhile, bear-hugged Demirel amidst hints about a possible Turkish-Soviet arms deal. Never, it seemed, had Turkey cut so important a figure in the complex pattern of East-West relationships.

The reason for the overtures was Demirel's decision to shut down the highly sophisticated network of U.S. watching and listening posts in Turkey trained on the Soviet Union. That decision came in response to a vote recorded one week earlier in Washington by the U.S. House of Representatives. Despite White House pleas for an end to the six-month-old U.S. embargo on arms sales to Turkey, imposed because Ankara had used U.S. equipment in its invasion of Cyprus, the House voted narrowly (223-206) to maintain the cutoff. A busy and effective Greek lobby figured importantly in the outcome. Furious, the Turks retaliated by assuming administrative control over 25 U.S. installations in Turkey. The decision did not immediately affect some 7,000 U.S. technicians in Turkey, who will remain to perform "housekeeping" duties—chiefly, keeping their sensitive electronic gear in good condition. But Demirel's move blinded what electronics experts maintain is the most advanced



RADAR EQUIPMENT AT U.S. BASE NEAR DIYARBAKIR IN EASTERN TURKEY
A danger that temporary blindness might turn out to be permanent.

land-based surveillance system in the world.

Before operations ceased last week, the "common defense" bases scattered strategically across Turkey had performed some prodigious feats. Using seven basic facilities backed up by 18 support stations, American technicians developed a system that even the Soviets envied. It accomplished everything from eavesdropping on Russian nuclear explosions and missile launches to copying routine radio traffic between Soviet aircraft and their bases across the Turkish border.

Nuclear Warheads. In addition, a Loran-C station at Karga Burun used its long-range radio signals not only to provide ultra-accurate navigational fixes for U.S. naval ships in the Mediterranean but also to monitor Soviet naval traffic moving into the Mediterranean from the Black Sea. Two years ago, U.S. electronic equipment was able to detect the presence of nuclear warheads aboard Soviet freighters moving toward Syria and Egypt in the midst of the October war. After the U.S. ordered a worldwide military alert, American technicians in Turkey recorded the movement of warheads in the opposite direction.

In spite of all this, the move by Turkey's normally pro-American government generated nationwide support. OUR FLAG IS WAVING OVER THE BASES, said a proud headline in Istanbul's daily *Hürriyet*. As Turkish soldiers moved swiftly to assume administrative control, however, there were no alarming signs of anti-Americanism. About the only demonstration worth noting occurred among university students in Istanbul, who had barely finished burning an American flag when Turkish police disbanded them.

Strategically, the closing of the bases is a serious blow to the U.S. and to NATO. Much of the work that the Turkish network performed can be duplicated by spy satellites. But not even the spectacular U.S. "Big Bird" satellite system can hover over a single Soviet installation for hours on end, patiently recording the telemetry on a rocket launch. Moreover, the photographs previously developed at Turkish installations from satellites overhead will now be picked up by stations in Ethiopia, where reception is less clear.

Ankara appears as reluctant as Washington to end once and for all an arrangement that has lasted since the days of John Foster Dulles. But there is always the danger that, as U.S. Amba-

sador to Ankara William B. Macomber warned last week, "this could turn into a complete termination, not just suspension." If an accommodation can be worked out in Washington to circumvent the Greek lobby and end the arms embargo, the bases may eventually reopen. The price to the U.S., however, may come high. Ankara is well aware, for example, that while Turkey has been receiving only \$40 million a year in aid from Washington as part of its bases agreement, Spain has been raking in ten times that amount in rents for a mere half a dozen naval and air force bases.

NORWAY

Wrong Address

Somehow, Norway seems to have a lot of trouble with classified material. In 1971 the Norwegian Ministry of Defense inadvertently auctioned away some documents dealing with the missile air defense system for Oslo. Last year there was another auction of some old cabinets. They contained, among other things, detailed drawings from one of NATO's most important bases for maritime air intelligence in northern Norway. Last week embarrassed Norwegian officials admitted that for the past eight months, mail from the Joint Norwegian Military High Command and other military units intended for the West German embassy in Oslo had been going to the East German embassy.

Sleepy Clerk. The letters had been correctly addressed to the Embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany, but the street address was that of the East German embassy—"German Democratic Republic." The only explanation blushing officials could give was that a sleepy clerk had taken the information from the Oslo telephone book, which lists the two countries one above the other, and got mixed up.

Vice Admiral Reidar Godoe, chief of staff for the joint command outside the Norwegian capital, called the incident "very regrettable." But, he added, "this is the kind of accident that can well happen with the amount of mail the military sends out every day." Godoe insisted that no classified material was ever sent to the East Germans, because secret documents are always hand-delivered by messenger. He professed not to know, however, whether the address list was used for registered mail, which sometimes contains confidential and restricted information. Nonetheless, the Chief of Defense issued a command to all units last week to please check their mailing lists.



"Just bills, bills, and some interesting documents from the Norwegian High Command."

PEOPLE

He is now directing a play in London called *Otherwise Engaged*, and that, said Actress **Vivien Merchant**, is just what her husband, Playwright **Harold Pinter**, 44, has been for the past several months. Last week Merchant, 46, announced that she was divorcing the author of *The Homecoming* and *The Caretaker* after 19 years of marriage. The reason: his alleged love affair with **Lady Antonia Fraser**, 42, bestselling historian (*Mary Queen of Scots*) and willful social lioness of London. "It seems he is possessed by Lady Antonia," said Merchant. "She has cast a spell over him. How she can do it with six children to look after, I don't know."

Lady Antonia, a lithe blonde, has been married since 1956 to Tory M.P. **Hugh Fraser**. Her father is the **Earl of Longford**, a sturdy Roman Catholic peer and tireless moralizer whose anti-smut campaigns have earned him the nickname "Lord Porn." She is an avid collector—of white dresses (she has 100), and of personages literary, theatrical and political. Her companions have included Author **Norman Mailer**, Actor **Robert Stephens** and **Lord Lambton**, the Tory M.P. who quit Parliament last year after being photographed in bed with a call girl.

Pinter, by contrast, is the only son of a Jewish tailor from London's rugged East End. Darkly handsome with thinning hair, he spent almost a decade as a stage actor, turned to writing in the 1950s, and soon developed into an acclaimed, though sometimes confounding chronicler of English subsociety. He once called cricket, the theater and his family his three main obsessions in life, and for the past 19 years his marriage has been completely free of scandal. Now, apparently, he has become Lady Antonia's most intellectually prestigious admirer, and the one most jealous of his own privacy.

That did not daunt the irate Vivien Merchant, however, who answered her husband's pleas for discretion by making the whole plot public. "I had no idea she would talk about the matter," grumbled Pinter. "She told me she wouldn't." Though he is no longer at their \$250,000 house overlooking Regents Park, his wife says that he has not carried away his books or his clothes. "He didn't need to take a pair of shoes," snipped the woman scorned. "He can always wear some of Antonia's." She has very big feet, you know.

"She has almost become a symbol of all that Britain wants to stand for—something safe, sane, stable and as everlasting as the Tower of London," praised the Sunday *Mirror*. The tribute was just one of many inspired by the

75th birthday this week of Britain's **Queen Mother**, who endures as her country's beloved matriarch. Though she declined to appear for any television interviews, she willingly posed for an official birthday photo, and her royal family planned a black-tie dinner at Buckingham Palace complete with Scottish pipers, a three-tiered birthday cake and, rumor had it, some spoof gifts from Grandson **Prince Charles**. As one admirer explained, the "Queen Mum" has always enjoyed a good "legpull."

The feet may be halt, but the sentences run on. Reminiscing on his 85th birthday, **Casey Stengel**, who managed the New York Yankees and later the Mets, allowed as how "baseball has advanced so far" during his 65-year involvement with the game. Said Stengel: "There are more men playing and the tough part now is that maybe three or four are playing with dead arms and dead legs because it's too long a season and you've got to stay in shape every day and maybe they get stale." A bit hobbled himself since a long bout with the flu this past year, the Old Professor still plans to appear at the Los Angeles Dodgers' Old Timers Game later this month. His one worry: meeting up with a woman umpire. "The trouble with women umpires is that I couldn't argue with one," smiled Casey. "I'd put my arms around her and give her a little kiss."



THE QUEEN MOTHER'S OFFICIAL PORTRAIT



CASEY STENGEL BLOWS OUT AN 85TH-BIRTHDAY CANDLE



PINTER LAST WEEK: LADY ANTONIA & HER BROOD IN 1967



*Fraser's shoe size is 9½. Pinter takes a 10½.

Pledge of Allegiance?

A bit clumsily, with a threat here and a shove there, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi has continued to push toward the goal of reducing foreign reporters in India to flacks for her authoritarian regime. At first the government seemed to be backing down after criticism of its demand that all journalists from abroad sign away their freedom to report events by pledging to "comply" with strait-jacket censorship guidelines. Reporters were instead handed an alternative pledge that acknowledged their receipt of the guidelines but did not contain any flat-out promise to obey them. A debate quickly followed over whether the distinction in phrasing marked a genuine retreat by Mrs. Gandhi's government from censorship or was a subtle way of allowing foreign journalists to sign, save face but still remain under rigid controls.

Many Signers. Most journalists finally agreed to sign—many under instructions from their home office—hoping to continue reporting at any cost. The reasoning was that the ambiguous language of the revised pledge could be regarded as innocuous. United Press International, for example, accepted the agreement, saying: "Nothing in the revised statement... would prevent it from continuing to give a full and balanced account of events in India." Agence France-Presse and West German correspondents also submitted to the arrangement—the latter on the advice of their government.

At first unable to swallow the revised pledge, the New York Times briefly attempted to negotiate a third version. But once the Indian government

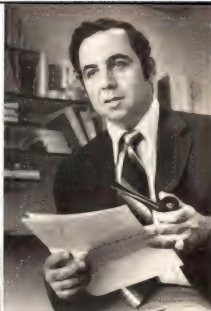
turned thumbs down, the two *Timesmen* on the scene, New Delhi Correspondent William Borders and Eric Pace of the Tehran Bureau, both gave in to the Indian censors. Explained *Times* Managing Editor A.M. Rosenthal: "In our opinion, it amounts simply to an acknowledgement of receipt of a written government document and a statement by the correspondent that he will be responsible for whatever he writes." *Newsweek* magazine too, had refused to accept the original pledge, and as a result, Correspondent Loren Jenkins became one of the first reporters to be expelled from India. But within seven days, another *Newsweek* correspondent, Ron Moreau, did sign on the ground that the second pledge was harmless.

A few journalists never signed at all. Voice of America Reporter James B. Miller argued that he had quasi-diplomatic status and therefore could not submit to the statement. The Indians allowed him to remain—at least temporarily. *TIME* Correspondent David Aikman, with the concurrence of his editors, decided to leave the country rather than sign the revised pledge. Said Aikman: "If I agreed to comply with the guidelines, I would not be an honest correspondent, but if I signed a pledge I was not willing to keep, I would not be an honest man."

Most of the correspondents who stayed were apparently willing to hold on in New Delhi for a game of journalistic brinkmanship with the Indian bureaucracy. As one reporter jocularly said, "I signed with my fingers crossed." In fact, A.P., Reuters and the New York Times, after accepting the pledge, forthwith went ahead and violated the guidelines by reporting on antigovernment demonstrations in Ahmedabad. The Indian government called in Reuters to complain and for 61 hours cut off the lines connecting the A.P.'s New Delhi bureau with London. It left the New York Times alone. At week's end Prime Minister Gandhi was said to be increasingly inclined to throw out any and every correspondent whose dispatches displeased her.

A-Bomb Beat

The Egyptian-Israeli disengagement talks have had their ups and downs, but last week the Boston *Globe* may have rocked them further with a front-page story that Israel had a secret arsenal of more than ten nuclear weapons. Nobody had ever before reported so authoritatively that Israel possessed bombs, though it had been widely assumed. What upset some observers—particularly those at the Pentagon and in the State Department—was less the revelation than the name of the article's author, William Beecher. *Globe* Diplo-



BOSTON *GLOBE*'S WILLIAM BEECHER
Scooping himself?

matic Correspondent Beecher was for the past two years—until last May—Principal Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, a sensitive post that gave him regular access to secret intelligence information.

Inside Access. Beecher is no stranger to scoops. A lifelong newspaperman except for his stint at the Pentagon—which he left with a Distinguished Service Medal to return to journalism—he was once a defense specialist for the New York Times, where he scored major beats on the secret U.S. bombing of Cambodia in 1969 and the SALT talks in 1971. But some Government officials have strong suspicions about this latest coup. Beecher, they suspect, may have been using material he recollected from his Government days to write the article. Beecher flatly denies the insinuation. "My story," he insists, "is entirely based on interviews I conducted in the past three weeks." Indeed, Beecher's story broke shortly after a three-week trip he took to Tel Aviv, Jerusalem and Cairo. He also talked, he says, to "U.S. analysts" and came away with "conclusions closely held within the American national security community."

The controversy might have been expected. When a crack newsmag goes to work in a sensitive Government job, then returns to journalism covering the same area where he had served as an official, he will be accused of being his own source for scoops. Beecher concedes only that the Pentagon experience may have prepared him to "know the right questions to ask." His critics are unmoved, however, by his denials, claiming that he wrote several earlier stories for the *Globe* based on "inside access." Significantly, the only reaction from an Israeli official to Beecher's piece was a rather feeble dismissal of it as "speculation," while the Administration issued a "no comment."

MRS. GANDHI & NEWSMEN IN HAPPIER TIMES



DANCE

Glorious Gala

In its checkered, financially precarious history, American Ballet Theater has probably had more downs than ups—but oh! is it up now. Last week, to celebrate its 35th anniversary year, Ballet Theater offered a glorious, fund-raising gala at the State Theater of Manhattan's Lincoln Center. No other company in the world could have brought together on one stage so many stars of so great a magnitude.

For nostalgia buffs, the evening's highlight was the return to the U.S. (after 15 years' absence) of a legendary ballerina from A.B.T.'s early days, Alicia Alonso, the founder and director of the National Ballet of Cuba. Now 53, Alonso provided more emotional than aesthetic delight by dancing the adagio from the second act of *Swan Lake*. It was a strained performance but also a tender portrayal of the Swan Queen, and the audience gave her nearly 20 minutes of cheers and *bravos*. For those in search of novelty, there was a first look at a potentially exciting new partnership. Gelsey Kirkland was dancing, for the first time ever, in a showy pas de deux from *Le Corsaire*, with that ubiquitous guest artist Rudolf Nureyev. All smoldering fire, Nureyev and the ethereal Gelsey, a lass with a very delicate air indeed, looked well together, and the audience loved them.

In fact, the audience loved everything—as well it might. What other troupe can offer not only Kirkland's gossamer softness but the grand, regal style of Cynthia Gregory; the quiet, under-

stated eloquence of Martine van Hamel; the boyish, leaping lyricism of Fernando Bujones; the courtly, steadfast partnering of Ivan Nagy and Ted Kivitt?

Above all, what other company can display Mikhail Baryshnikov to better advantage? This incredible performer does things in ballet that have never been done before—and does them with such transparent ease that audiences gasp in disbelief. There is obvious preparation and buildup before other dancers launch into a series of jumps or jetés; Baryshnikov will have finished a dazzling double or even triple air turn almost before viewers are ready for it.

Swirling Sequence. At the gala, he appeared twice, the first time in the *Don Quixote* pas de deux with Noella Pontois, a soubrette-style dancer from the Paris Opéra Ballet. After one swirling sequence of panther-like turns, he landed—not just on one knee as most dancers would, but on one knee with the other leg fully extended. It was a daring variant on a familiar bit of acrobatics, since Baryshnikov is quite likely to break an ankle if his timing is a split second off.

Later in the program he was onstage alone in *Vestris*, a ballet created for him by Leningrad's Leonid Jacobson in 1969. The subject of this seven-minute solo is Auguste Vestris, a famous 18th century dancer and mime. In a powdered wig and white satin tunic, Baryshnikov went through a kaleidoscope of quicksilver impressions—an old man dancing a minuet, a woman praying, a girl flirting. It was funny. It was sad. Then it was funny again. It was acting of the highest order.

■ John T. Elson

BARYSHNIKOV LEAPS IN VESTRIS

ALONSO BOWS AFTER SWAN LAKE



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Back to the Body

It will be a great winter for girl watchers—and for girls who watch their figures. In show after show last week, as Paris couturiers unveiled their fall designs, last year's loose look yielded to slim, trim, body-conscious clothes. Hubert de Givenchy came out with a shape that *Women's Wear Daily* was quick to label "the TT—or Tight Torso." Pierre Cardin's bottom-cupping skirts cling as tightly as the skin on a peach. Yves Saint Laurent, couture's most influential designer, has also rediscovered the slim look, with cool, understated dresses and near severe tailored pants and jackets. At Dior, Marc Bohan showed below-the-knee skirts topped by waist-length confections he calls "waiter's jackets"—and most women doubtless will have to wait a long time to afford one.

Morocco Inspired. Yves Saint Laurent celebrated détente with a Russian look: three-quarter-length suede coats bordered in mink, worn over a slim velvet skirt and a printed cosack blouse in crepe de Chine, all topped by a huge matching mink toque. Another Y.S.L. standout was a silk poplin pelisse lined and trimmed in fisher, over a tweed suit with a tweedy patterned crepe de Chine blouse. For evening he had many floating *mousselines*, including several djellabas that were probably inspired by Saint Laurent's trips to Morocco, where he has a house.

Givenchy's look is sporty but soft, straight but supple. "I think we must all simplify," he says. "There is a minimum of construction, and the tops and sleeves fit like skin." Indeed, a few of his slinky evening clothes mold the body almost as closely as Cardin's, but with greater subtlety. Givenchy's basic sweater dresses hug the body to the neckline,

then end in a shirred skirt; many have turtlenecks, which he finds "much more today" than décolletés. Among the last to design trousers, Givenchy showed pants superbly tailored in fine wools, gabardine and jerseys. To accentuate his sporty look, always popular with Americans, Givenchy accompanied his showing with jazzy music from such transatlantic productions as *A Chorus Line*.

Bohan's collection was possibly the best he has assembled in his 30 years in couture. "Poetry," cooed *Vogue* Editor Grace Mirabella. "Out of this world," said Ohrbach's Sydney Gittler, who plans to copy Bohan's so-called ponchos, or cape coats, which were the talk of the show. Though Bohan maintains that "the richest people these days are the ones who avoid looking luxurious," his de-luxe sport daytime clothes are made of opulent materials—alpaca, cashmere, vicuña—that cost upwards of \$100 per yd. His evening designs are quietly sumptuous. Slim black sheaths with minute straps or halters are covered with richly embroidered jackets that Bohan calls, quite correctly, "investments"—they can run over \$5,000.

Endangered Species. At Dior and most other houses this year, the fur flew freely. Bohan's coats have collars of red or silver fox; raincoats are lined and hooded in mink and moleskin; his anoraks are lined in seal or fox; sheer jackets are bordered in matching ostrich plumes. But if Bohan's clothes hurt the purse, they should not distress the conscience. Said a program footnote, "Christian Dior Fourrure hereby declares that none of the furs shown in the collection are on the endangered list of the World Wildlife Fund." Indeed, if their prices keep rising, the only endangered species in Paris may soon be the designers themselves.

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WILD COYOTES CAPTURED IN LOS ANGELES' GRIFFITH PARK AT REST IN CITY ZOO

Coyotes in the City

Sometimes in groups, more often alone, they swagger through Bel Air, Brentwood, Malibu and other smart-set residential areas around Los Angeles, ignoring keep-out signs, crashing uninvited into swimming pools and filling the night air with unholy howling. Hollywood partygoers gone astray? Marauding hippies from Haight-Ashbury? No, these intruders in the hills and canyons around tinsel town are, of all things, a new breed of civilized coyotes.

To hear some irate Angelenos tell it, coyotes have not only invaded the city's ever spreading residential areas but are also wreaking vengeance on encroaching civilization by decimating the pet population. Local wildlife authorities receive a dozen complaints a week about coyotes making off with dogs or cats. One Brentwood Hills matron lost three cats in 18 months; a Briarcliff public relations man reports losing a treasured Persian cat when a coyote "trotted right up to our front lawn and casually carried it off." Says Charles Rosenberg, a stockbroker in suburban Sherman Oaks, "At 10:30 at night, it is always the same thing: the howling begins, then the bloodcurdling screams, then silence."

Lately, the intruders have become so confident that they amble about in broad daylight. An angry Pacific Palisades resident tells of how he, his milkman and a passing motorist "stopped in amazement one morning to watch a pack of four with two pups strolling up Sunset Boulevard."

Moving East. Actually, coyotes are on the march almost everywhere. Once concentrated almost entirely in the West, they have begun to turn up as far east as Maine, where they are replacing the larger but less intelligent wolf as a wildlife predator. On the Great Plains, coyotes are now so numerous—and so hated by sheep raisers—that the Government recently eased restrictions on the use of poisons to kill them. But the

most striking evidence of the coyote's adaptability is its emergence in urban areas. Unlike other animals displaced by the growth of cities, says Donald Balser of the Denver Wildlife Research Center, "they alone have managed to readjust in the shadow of civilization. There are coyote populations in every major metropolis in the West today."

Coyotes are formidably equipped for survival. They can sprint at 40 m.p.h., cover 200 miles a day in search of food, and eat just about anything. But, experts say, coyotes are particularly successful in urban areas because they are unusually crafty—perhaps, some animal behaviorists theorize, because decades of hunting and trapping by man have weeded out the less clever and wary of them. Concedes Robert Rush, chief of the Los Angeles Animal Regulation Department, "The coyotes have a lot of smarts. They can get water out of a pool in Brentwood while the pet dog is sleeping inside."

Right at Home. Los Angeles has more than its share of coyotes because much of the city is spread out over and around pockets of brush and canyons in which the animals feel right at home. For a while, the city tried helicoptering troublemaking coyotes to the outlying Angeles National Forest, but it gave up because the beasts would simply trot 100 miles back to their home turf in town. Now, when there is a specific complaint against a coyote, wildlife authorities shoot it on the spot—if they can track it down, that is.

In fact, local officials have learned to respect the wily animals so much they have adopted a let's-not-be-beastly-to-coyotes policy. After all, no Los Angeles coyote has been known to have attacked a human, while there were 52,000 dog-bite cases in the city last year. Says Dennis Kroepin, the San Fernando Valley wildlife control officer, "We tell people the coyotes are very beneficial. They keep the rodent population under control." Besides, he adds, "the coyote is part of the West."

Worried pet owners aside, many Angelenos are beginning to agree. Taking up the coyotes' cause, Hollywood Conservationist Lila Brooks almost single-handedly led a successful campaign to get the city to begin construction of as many as a dozen watering holes for coyotes and other wild animals around town. "The coyote is not in our backyard," she says. "We are in his backyard." Some Angelenos are raising coyote pups as pets: one woman sets out 5 lbs. of chicken backs every day to feed the animals. Says June Gador, a writer in coyote-infested Hollywood Hills: "We figure the coyotes were here first, and they belong here."

Polluted Portfolios

Seldom has the environmental establishment been so embarrassed. A recent *Los Angeles Times* story reported that many major organizations in the movement "have sought to increase their income by investing in the very companies that they criticize most." The stock portfolios of the Sierra Club and the Sierra Club Foundation have included securities of such frequent targets as General Motors, U.S. Steel, Tenneco, Weyerhaeuser Co. (timber) and Exxon. The Environmental Defense Fund also holds Exxon, even though the fund fought a court battle against the Alaska pipeline, in which Exxon owns a 25% interest.

For's Way. The National Audubon Society has leased out gas and oil rights on its hitherto pristine Paul J. Rainey Wildlife Sanctuary in Louisiana. Washington, D.C., Attorney H. David Rosenbloom, an expert on the social aspects of investments, drew the obvious moral: "If your investments are operating to the detriment of the things for which you stand, there's a question as to how much good you're doing."

Last week the wounded environmentalists lamely struggled to explain their polluted portfolios. Argued E.D.F.'s Berkeley director, Tom Graff "We can't invest in companies doing environmentally beneficial things, companies in solar energy or scrap iron, for example. If we did, it would look like we were promoting our economic interest when we took a stand on an issue." Added Colburn Wilbur, executive secretary of the Sierra Club Foundation: "Every time we drive, fly or eat we are helping the polluters. We don't have a pure investment portfolio. I don't think we could if we tried."

Professional money managers disagree. They point out that some investment funds already exist—the Dreyfus Third Century Fund is one—that carefully screen polluters out of their holdings. On the other hand, environmental groups could avoid the issue entirely as Friends of the Earth does: FOE sells contributions of stocks and bonds immediately and puts the proceeds to work fighting polluters.

The Commoner Cancer Screen

Physicians smiled in disbelief a decade ago when Cancer Researcher Dr. John Higginson of the World Health Organization suggested that as many as 80% of all cancers were caused by agents in the environment. But no one is scoffing any more. The National Cancer Institute has published charts showing those areas of the country with the highest death rates from lung, liver and bladder cancer (see map); these areas also happen to have chemical plants—and chemical pollution. The obvious conclusion: Americans—and others elsewhere round the world—are increasingly filling their environment with chemicals that are not only harmful but may even be lethal.

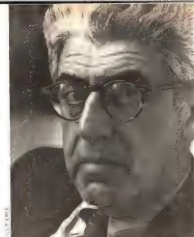
Perfect Test. Medical scientists have been trying for decades to identify those chemicals that are carcinogenic. Their task is not easy. Throughout his evolution, man has been exposed to literally millions of chemical compounds; more recently, he has encountered synthetic compounds that did not even exist a generation or even a few years ago. Testing these compounds for ability to cause cancer currently requires extensive animal studies, which will take years and cost millions of dollars. But now there may be a way to speed up the search. In a report to the Environmental Protection Agency last week, Biologist Barry Commoner, who heads the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems at St. Louis' Washington University, announced that he had perfected a test that can not only identify possible carcinogens, but may also be able to pick out those individuals most likely to develop cancer as a result of exposure to them.

Commoner's work relies heavily upon a test devised by Dr. Bruce Ames of the University of California at Berkeley. Ames found that certain carcinogens were capable of causing mutations in bacteria. This suggested to Ames the possibility of using mutagenicity, the ability to cause mutations, which can be determined simply and quickly, as a test for carcinogenicity.

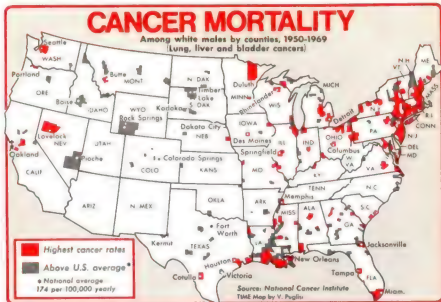
To determine the correlation, Commoner and his Washington University colleagues tested 92 chemical compounds on strains of the common bacteria *Salmonella typhimurium*, developed by Ames. Each compound was made up in three different concentrations and mixed with preparations made from seven different rat tissues (liver, kidney, brain, stomach, lung, spleen and blood); each of the mixtures was then added to culture dishes containing the *Salmonella*.

The results were dramatic. Of the

50 compounds that were known to be noncarcinogenic, only one, which happened to be a close chemical relative of a known carcinogen, caused the bacteria to mutate at a significant rate. Of the 42 other compounds, all known carcinogens, all but seven induced bacterial mutations by themselves. When the urine of rats that had been fed to three of the remaining compounds was placed in the culture dishes, it too produced mutations, suggesting that the chemicals, which may not cause cancer directly, are metabolized in the body into substances that do. With a slight change in the test



BIOLOGIST BARRY COMMONER



method, three other compounds also proved mutagenic.

Commoner's test demonstrates that there is indeed a strong correlation between mutagenicity and carcinogenicity—at least in animals. "What we have needed," says Commoner, "is a fast way of looking at a chemical and telling if it is likely to cause cancer in some test animal. We would be satisfied with a method that made every presumptive carcinogen sit up and whistle *Dixie*. This test does the same thing by showing us that a chemical that is mutagenic is highly likely to be carcinogenic as well."

Cheap Way. The mutagenicity test, which can be done in 48 hours at a cost of about \$500, gives doctors and environmentalists a quick, cheap way of determining whether a chemical compound is likely to be dangerous to animals. But Commoner's work is applicable to humans as well. It may enable researchers to tell whether an individual who has been exposed to a suspect substance is metabolizing it in such a way as to produce carcinogens. A doctor may soon be

able to take a sample of his patient's urine and introduce it into a culture of *Salmonella*; if it causes mutations, the patient's system is probably modifying substances that may be carcinogenic. Such patients could then be monitored carefully in the hope that any cancers that might develop could be detected and treated early.

Mutagenic screening could also help prevent cancer, which will kill about 365,000 in the U.S. alone this year. It may be too late to help those who have already been exposed to chemical carcinogens, some of which may have been present in air, water, food and factories for decades.* But it is not too early to begin protecting the public against new compounds, which are being introduced at the rate of several hundred a year. Many substances, such as vinyl chloride and diethylstilbestrol (a hormone-like

*One example: the EPA last week took steps to ban most uses of the long-popular pesticides chlordane and heptachlor, which have been found to cause cancer in laboratory animals and are thus considered hazardous to humans as well.

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MEDICINE

substance used to fatten cattle), were not recognized as having a cancer-causing potential until they had been in use for decades. Commoner's screen makes it possible to spot potential carcinogens before they get into the environment.

Capsules

► Should medical scientists be allowed to conduct research on unborn or newly aborted fetuses? No, said the Department of Health, Education and Welfare last year, as it clapped a nationwide ban on fetal studies. But last week HEW reversed itself. Outgoing HEW Secretary Caspar Weinberger announced new rules that would permit hundreds of studies involving fetuses to go ahead. The rules, which apply to all projects funded by HEW, do not give researchers unrestricted rights to experiment on the unborn. Doctors still will be forbidden to carry out any experiment that would end the life of a fetus that had survived abortion, or to conduct any studies that involve keeping fetuses alive artificially—unless they were aimed at preserving the lives of premature babies in general. Researchers would also be prohibited from attempting in vitro (test-tube) fertilization without clearance from a national ethical advisory board. Still, scientists will be able to conduct a wide variety of research. Much valuable knowledge on drugs, pregnancy, birth defects and cancer has already come from carefully conducted fetal studies, and HEW's about-face ensures that this research will continue.

► The glamour gluttons of Beverly Hills, whose excursions into the technology of beauty have popularized such treatments as acid peels, sandpapering and surgical nips, are pushing a new aid to the perfect face. It is Preparation H, the widely advertised ointment sold over the counter to shrink hemorrhoids (painfully enlarged veins in the anal area). Lately, a number of fashion-conscious Los Angeles matrons have been urging their friends to smear it on nightly in order to "close" facial pores and shrink those age-betraying bags under the eyes. "It gives you a dewy look," says Ellen Bennett, who runs a custom wig salon. But Daniel Eastman, a leading Beverly Hills skin-care specialist, protests that it is an "outrageous" fad, and a number of dermatologists back him up. Some doctors explain that Preparation H works on the face by slightly irritating the skin, thus causing enough swelling to minimize small wrinkles; continued use, they warn, may accelerate skin aging by causing inflammation and scaling. American Home Products Corp., which produces Preparation H, has no comment on its unorthodox use. But physicians warn that like any other medication, it should be used only as directed—and the face, they point out, is not the part of the anatomy mentioned in the instructions on the label.

Bull Rampant

One relief pitcher touts a comic strip featuring a zany resembling himself. The first baseman is renowned for raising hell and racing thoroughbreds. The second and third basemen are hosts of a radio show. Other players dabble in transcendental meditation. But none of that for the single-minded leftfielder who gets his kicks from brutalizing a baseball with a 36-oz. bat.

The kicks have been rapid-fire this season because no one is bashing the ball like Gregory Michael Luzinski, 24, of the Philadelphia Phillies. Called "Bull" in deference to his taurine power, Luzinski leads the National League in home runs, runs batted in, 26 and 88 respectively last week, and bullying pitchers. That parlay keeps the Phillies winning and within striking distance of the Pittsburgh Pirates. It also has Phillies fans planning for the playoffs.

Through no fault of his own, the Bull's emergence has come as a surprise. In 1973 he hit 29 home runs, but few noticed because the Phillies were deep in last place. Last year he tore ligaments in his right knee and lost half a season. This spring the Phillies grabbed First Baseman Dick Allen, who led the American League in home runs and controversial publicity last year, and taciturn Greg was again forgotten. But only briefly. Luzinski, for one, is not surprised by his showing. "Basically," he says, "I'm just playing up to my ability."

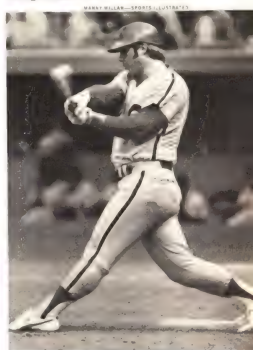
Gentle Giant. Son of an electrician in Chicago, Luzinski lit up North Side Hamlin Park from the day he first stepped up to bat. In high school, he also played linebacker and fullback, and led his team to two undefeated seasons. The football recruiters, envisioning another Dick Butkus, swamped him with offers. Says he: "John McKay called to ask me to come to U.S.C. the day I signed with the Phillies." The club's pitch included a bonus of about \$50,000.

At 6 ft. 1 in., 225 lbs., Luzinski looks more the linebacker than the leftfielder. But he is a gentle giant. Second Baseman Dave Cash, a Tom Thumb by comparison, calls him "fat boy" with impunity, and Shortstop Larry Bowa gets away with announcing that "if Dave and I were playing for the Reds, Johnny Bench would have 120 runs batted in by now." But Bowa also remembers the time he goaded the Bull once too often. "He came at me, I ducked, and he hit John Vukovich instead. Then I ran into the bathroom and locked the door."

Luzinski prefers to direct his aggression at a baseball. "I enjoy crushing it and hitting it out of the yard," he says. His 26th home run this season, over the center-field fence of Busch Stadium in St. Louis, was hit so hard that Fellow Slugger Allen could remember only one

other with which to compare it. Says Allen: "My first year in the Eastern League there was a guy who could shoot a ball high from a cannon, jump into a Jeep, drive to center field, jump out and catch the ball. One night someone asked him to aim at the center-field wall. He pulled the cord and the ball was gone. That's what Greg's shot looked like."

The Bull has the ability to rifle singles as well as home runs, and last week he was batting .311. Patience is the key. "My hitting zone is from my belt to my knees," he says, "and I concentrate on hitting strikes." For a man his size he



SLUGGER LUZINSKI SWINGING AWAY
Hit like a cannon shot.

even has speed. He has been clocked at 4.3 seconds from home plate to first base. "I could steal a base every series if I got the green light," he says. He rarely gets it because Manager Danny Ozark prefers not to risk injury to the man who rings up so many of his team's runs. With Cash and Bowa preceding him to the plate, Luzinski has ample opportunity to drive in runs. "We have cruisers and PT boats," says Catcher Bob Boone of the Phillies' attack. "But Greg is the battleship and he gives our navy respect."

The armada steamed into Pittsburgh last week and won two of three games from the first-place Pirates. The Bull and the Phils have finally arrived, says Relief Pitcher Tug McGraw. Resurrecting a battle cry he sounded when the Mets charged to the 1973 pennant, he tells skeptics. "You gotta believe."

Will Bruce Dern Become a Star?

There is a human time bomb ticking away in Hollywood. He is called Bruce Dern. One of these days he is going to light up the sky. How, nobody knows. At 39, with a suitcase of rave clippings, Dern is poised to become a star. Trouble is, he has been in that position for a couple of years, ever since he scored a personal hit as the bellicose Tom Buchanan in *The Great Gatsby*. But the brass ring has never seemed to get any nearer. His friend Jack Nicholson comforted him by declaring publicly that Dern is his only real rival. Even Alfred Hitchcock is compassionate. Dern recently wound up his role as the ne'er-do-well anti-hero in the master's *Family Plot*. Hitchcock promised: "You're going to be the first actor I've ever made into a star."

Bruce sure hopes so. "I need only one hit and I'm home free," he reasons. This year should be his. He has landed three major roles, including the Hitchcock film. He can be seen currently as Big Bob Freedlander, the Jaycee mobile-home salesman in *Smile*, a comedy manqué about a teen-age beauty contest. Next month, he starts work on *Won Ton Ton*, a farce about the 1920's legendary wonder dog, Rin Tin Tin, in which he plays an old-line Hollywood director. But keeping busy is not the only answer. Says Agent Freddie Fields: "Bruce needs to make love to a woman on the screen." In his 19-year career, Bruce has only kissed a woman once

DERN RUNNING IN MALIBU WITH HIS SHEPHERD



She was Karen Black in *Gatsby*. "And then the script had me break her nose—very romantic," says Dern. Other stars, like Gene Hackman, lack sex appeal, but Hackman makes up for it by displaying an appealing self-doubt.

Dern is different—so macho that the only things in his face that move are his eyes, navy blue and sparkling, and even they do not blink. His icy authority has lifted his more than 100 character portraits in TV shows and some 30 mostly mediocre movies from the mundane to the fascinating. Whether Dern played a mad doctor in *Two-Headed Transplant*, a hillbilly husband in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, a bisexual boy friend in *Bloody Mama*, he projected an anomie that was almost aggressive. On-screen, he draws attention to himself in a curiously negative way, as if he were a marked man. Who else, for example, would allow himself to be cast as the only actor ever to kill John Wayne on-screen? In 1971, while Dern was still stuck in second-rank roles, he signed on in *The Cowboys* as Wayne's assassin. "Dern," said the Duke kindly, "you're gonna be hated everywhere in the world for this one."

Late Bloomer. It was a gaffe that kept Dern struggling overlong in the pits of villainy. The fact that he was willing to knock off the daddy of the screen may have come from frustration. When he played one of his first bit parts on Broadway in 1957, Director Elia Kazan warned him, "You'll be a late bloomer." Those were hard words to take for a man on the lam from Chicago's Gold Coast. Dern is the son of Midwestern nobility (his grandfather was chairman of Carson Pirie Scott & Co. department stores, and his uncle is the poet Archibald MacLeish). Bruce was so at odds with his family that at age six he took to compulsive lying. Sent to a tough camp in the Canadian wilderness to be straightened out, he returned hurt and resentful. As a 14-year-old schoolboy at Choate, he was set upon by school bullies. "Give up or I'll break your leg," said one. "Go ahead and break it," said Dern, even though the resulting break could have jeopardized his avocation, long-distance running. It was not until he arrived at the University of Pennsylvania and saw James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause* that he found what he really wanted to do.

Despite a breezy manner and a continuous stream of repartee, Dern has a cutting edge that makes people around him wary. Says his sister Jean: "Bruce has a screw loose." He still likes to fib. Last July, he stunned the set of *Smile* one day by announcing that Nixon had pardoned Ehrlichman, Haldeman and Dean. He showed Nicholson a bogus bank statement that made him appear to be a multimillionaire. In fact, Dern's



TAKING AIM AT WAYNE
"You're gonna be hated."

mother left him a trust fund from which he draws only a small income. He likes to tell acquaintances he has been married five times. Fortunately, his third wife, Andrea Beckett, to whom he has been married for six years, is secure enough to be tolerant.

"At the heart of Bruce there is a profound sensitivity," maintains his friend Robert Redford. "He's too sensitive to show others how sensitive he is." Running is the perfect outlet for his frustrations. Every evening, he does three miles on the highway near his Malibu home. He is even looking forward to his 40th birthday; then he can enter the senior Olympics. That is at least straightforward competition. "You can't bullshit a stop watch," he says wistfully. "Either you make it or you don't."

Change of Season

It was 7:15 on a balmy evening in the California town of San Jose, and families sat together watching TV. A lot of them were tuned in to local station KNTV, an ABC affiliate, to watch an old Peter Sellers movie, *The Bobo*, and many simply thought the flick was continuing when a light baritone voice intoned: "To everything there is a season..." Then the camera panned over a young man and woman running along a beach sporting conspicuous wedding rings. "The makers of Trojans condoms believe there is a time for children... the right time... when they are wanted."

Condoms? Befuddled brains adjusted to the first-ever condom commercial on U.S. television. Viewers grabbed their phones. The KNTV switchboard was jammed all night. Unlike the vast majority of stations around the country, KNTV does not adhere to the National

Ideally, every Saab showroom should have a Volvo, Audi, Dasher, BMW, Peugeot and Mercedes-Benz.

We think it would be great if you could take a good look at our competitors when you take a good look at us. Because you'll find a little bit of all of them in every Saab 99 LE EMS and WagenBack Sedan.

Durability.

You could compare Volvo's durable construction, for example, to our roll-over construction because both have a unitized steel body of more than 4,000 welds, six strong steel posts and door impact panels.

Luxury.

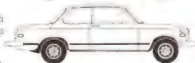
You could compare the interior of an Audi to the spacious interior of a Saab. And you could compare Audi's standard luxury features to Saab's nylon velour reclining front bucket seats, Saab's heated driver's seat, fold-down rear seat, and tinted windows.

Economy.

You could compare the economy of the Dasher (23 miles per gallon in city driving according to EPA tests) to our 21 miles per gallon in the city (according to the same EPA tests).*

Performance.

You could compare BMW's exciting performance features to our



rack and pinion steering, power-assisted four-wheel disc brakes and fuel-injected 2 liter engine.

Ride.

You could compare Peugeot's smooth, comfortable ride to ours. A ride that's incredibly smooth and quiet because of our pivot-spring front suspension and a light axle rear suspension that's so responsive, it helps to smooth out even the roughest roads.

Quality.

And you could compare such extra-quality features as four-wheel disc-brakes on Mercedes-Benz with the same feature on Saab. Because both Mercedes-Benz and Saab are known for their dedication to precision engineering and automotive research and development. Dedication that has made us both technical leaders in the automotive industry.

Of course, every Saab showroom can't have all these cars.

But you can walk into any Saab showroom and find durability, luxury, economy, performance, comfort and quality.

In every Saab you see.
From \$5,648 to \$6,528 P.O.E.

SAAB
It's what a car should be.



*EPA test results for 1975 cars in simulated city driving. There are more than 375 Saab dealers nationwide. Prices do not include dealer prep, taxes and optional equipment. † if any. Cross-country delivery available.

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Association of Broadcasters' stuffy code of ethics, which bans over-the-counter contraceptive commercials. But it had aired the Trojans ad only after testing it on the station's own employees, including a Jew, a Catholic and a Baptist, all of whom found it inoffensive. After the viewer protests, however, KNTV General Sales Manager Jack Yearwood pulled the spot off the air.

Mixed Feelings. Not for long. The next day, area newspapers picked up the condom contretemps, and the issue gained the gloss of a civil liberties controversy. KNTV even found itself reporting the fuss, and aired the beach spot during its news broadcast. It then asked for viewers' opinions. The change of heart was instant: 8 to 1 in the commercial's favor. Some viewers were eager to complain about the ads they thought more offensive, like bad-breath treatments and sinus aids.

That is just how Youngs Drug Products Corp., the makers of Trojans, feel, so they were delighted last week to see KNTV reinstate their spots. For them, KNTV is a beacon of sorts. They hope local stations' acceptance will soften up the networks. Now it seems, resistance has begun to crack. This week station KJAN-TV in Canton, Ohio, will start running the ads. As for KNTV, it views its pioneering role with mixed feelings. Says Yearwood: "It's a hell of a claim to fame accepting the first rubber commercial."

CONDOM AD ON TELEVISION



Heavenly Hound

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD

Screenplay by ERNEST PASCAL

There are, of course, gaffers who insist that the one true Sherlock Holmes was William Gillette, who made a career early in this century playing the detective in a drama he devised from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's stories. There are also striplings who claim, in their innocence, that Peter Cushing's impersonation of the Great Gumshoe in the 1960s was quite acceptable. But anyone who was around in the 1940s knows that the detective's only authorized dramatic representative was Basil Rathbone.* With his incisive features and voice, Rathbone was one of the few actors of his time who actually appeared capable of complex deductive reasoning. As for Nigel Bruce's Dr. Watson, he was every bit the equal of Rathbone's Holmes. No one in the history of movies ever did more eloquent slow takes as he struggled to absorb and analyze the new insights and information his partner in criminology constantly threw at him.

Though they quickly fell on evil days—a series of B pictures in which the dynamic duo were ripped out of their natural Edwardian environment and improbably set to chasing Nazi spies during World War II—they never abandoned the expert standards they set in this, the first of their pairings, now re-released along with the great Buster Keaton silent *Sherlock Jr.* and an oddly touching interview with Conan Doyle.

Delicious Tremors. On the whole, *Hound* is a quite respectable adaptation of the most evocative of the four full-length Holmes novels. To be sure, the villainous Stapleton, who sets loose the title hound in order to rid himself of the two men who stand between him and the Baskerville fortune, was somewhat softened for celluloid. A romantic interest was added so that Richard Greene, as the last direct heir to the estate, has something to do besides express amazement and gratitude at Holmes' power. It must also be admitted that the movie is more pokily paced in reality than it has been in memory, less spooky and terrifying than it seemed when one was seven or eight and the immortal line, "Mr. Holmes, they were the tracks of a gigantic hound," sent the most delicious tremors shuddering down the corridors of a child's nervous system.

Still, Stapleton's damnable dog. "In 1939, when the actor first undertook the role, Holmes was 85 years old, living in quiet retirement on the Sussex Downs, where he kept bees. He did not die until 1957 when he was 103. Thus it is certainly possible—though there is no documentation on the point—that the aged sleuth had casting approval when 20th Century-Fox gave the part to Rathbone, who played it in 14 films and on innumerable radio programs.



BRUCE & RATHBONE IN BASKERVILLES
Still lots of bite.

trained to kill, roams menacingly over the picturesque moors and prehistoric ruins that the art department enthusiastically ran up on the Fox back lot. Moreover, Director Sidney Lanfield was careful to keep his fog machines rolling, never permitting the sun to rise on this peculiar corner of the British Empire. The result, for viewers of a certain age anyway, is a sort of double-edged nostalgia: not merely for two beloved characterizations but for a whole vanished style of moviemaking, in which menacing shadows lay over every scene and divinely dumb people blandly insisted that the peculiar howl they heard must have been the wind or the call of an exotic bird.

Hound is not a great movie, not even a terribly good one. But its reissue is nevertheless one of the happier results of the current revival of interest in Holmes and the period that produced him—the last great fictional man of reason.

■ Richard Schickel

Downhill Waster

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN

Directed by LARRY PERCEE

Screenplay by DAVID SELTZER

The facts really seem too bad to be true. Nevertheless, a title at the beginning of *The Other Side of the Mountain* is there to dispel any doubts: "This is a true story."

In 1954, still in her teens, Jill Kinmont had won two important ski competitions and dreamed of qualifying for the 1956 Olympics. In 1955 she skied

Is your cigarette less than More?



If it isn't More, it's less than More. Because More is the first 120mm cigarette. It's More in every way except price.

More has more style. It has more flavor. It has more. Over 50% more puffs than a 100mm cigarette. Yet More doesn't cost more.

And what's more, More comes in both regular and menthol. They're both long, lean and burnished brown. Regular More delivers rich tobacco flavor while More Menthol packs a cooling blast. Puff after puff after puff.

You'll find that More and More Menthol smoke slower and draw easy for more enjoyment. They're more flavorful. Yet they're surprisingly mild.

More and More Menthol. They sit neat in your hand like they were made for it and fit your face like they found a home.

Why settle for less?

The first 120mm cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Causes Lung Cancer

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Scotch at its smooth and satisfying best... uniquely rich and mellow, consistent in quality throughout the world. That's the generous taste of Johnnie Walker Red. A tradition enjoyed since 1820.

**Enjoyment
you can always
count on.**



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HASSETT WRACKING UP IN MOUNTAIN
Survival was no mercy.

off the side of a mountain during the Snow Cup Race. She nearly died, and survival was hardly a mercy. Her neck was broken, her spinal cord damaged and her body paralyzed from the shoulders down. But Jill Kinmont (fetchingly played here by Newcomer Marilyn Hassett) vowed that she would recover as fully as possible.

The process of her rehabilitation which makes up most of this movie, eventually allowed her very limited movement and mobility in a wheelchair. Although Kinmont was retained as a technical adviser for this film, Larry Pearce (*Goodbye Columbus*, *Ash Wednesday*) has directed it with great doses of moral uplift and sentiment. *The Other Side of the Mountain* is photographed in the blindingly bright colors of a souvenir postcard, but is even less useful. It is too heavy for mailing and far too light to take seriously.

Brave Struggle. All the familiar material of rehabilitation melodrama is here: doubtful doctors and blind determination; parents trying to be brave; a fiancé who has pledged true love wilting away from the full force of the tragedy, other patients being both cynical and supportive as Jill masters her wheelchair. Her struggle is abetted by another skier, a cordial eccentric called "Mad Dog" Dick Buck (Beau Bridges) who wants to marry her. She greets his initial proposal with one of those speeches about pity that seem to be required by films like this the way a western needs a shootout. In the end, she changes her mind—but when he flies to join her, Buck dies in a crash. It is some indication of the hollowness of *The Other Side of the Mountain* that this piece of real personal tragedy comes out looking like the last desperate invention of a weary and rather mechanical scenarist. It has been said—probably too often—that life is a bad movie. By that standard, Larry Pearce here presents the real thing. ■ J.C.

TIME, AUGUST 11, 1975

ENERGY

A Result Nobody Wanted

No issue has more clearly mirrored the ideological split between the Ford Administration and the Democratic Congress than the six-month tussle over energy policy. Last week all hope of compromise seemed to fade: Congress recessed for a month without enacting any legislation acceptable to the White House to replace present price controls on oil. That made all but inevitable a result neither side professed to want: an abrupt end to the controls on Labor Day, opening the way for price hikes on all petroleum products, from gasoline to heating oil. The hikes would siphon off billions in consumer buying power and possibly threaten the growing recovery.

Last Stab. Just two days before they left for vacation, the House scuttled, 228 to 189, President Ford's final compromise plan for the gradual removal of oil-price regulations. At present, "old" oil—crude pumped in amounts equal to what was lifted in 1972—accounts for about two-thirds of domestic production and is price-controlled at \$5.25 per bbl.; "new" oil is uncontrolled and sells for about \$12.50. Ford's plan would have lifted the controls on old oil over a 39-month period—postponing the biggest price boosts until after the 1976 elections—and set an initial ceiling of \$11.50 on new oil. Congress then took one last stab at keeping the lid on prices by passing a simple six-month extension of present controls, which expire at midnight, Aug. 31. Administration aides immediately repeated earlier warnings that the President will veto it.

The White House has consistently maintained that the free market must be

permitted to kick up oil prices gradually, thus forcing energy conservation, stimulating domestic production and reducing U.S. dependence on imported petroleum. Economic Adviser Alan Greenspan has said that even abrupt decontrol would be preferable to continuation of the present restraints. Democrats generally fear that large price boosts would be dangerously inflationary, unfair to the poor and unjustifiably rewarding to oil companies. Many simply would not vote to raise prices, even though they knew the alternative to gradual decontrol could be sudden decontrol.

Political calculations deepened the impasse. Some Democrats cling to the hope that Ford will not veto an extension of controls because he does not want to take the blame for the price surge that might follow "cold turkey" decontrol, but White House advisers hope to divert the blame to the Democrats by noting that Ford had urged a more gradual program. Congress could try to override a veto and revive the controls when it returns in September, but it is doubtful that Democrats could muster the two-thirds majority required.

Total decontrol would not necessarily bring an immediate leap in prices. Major oil companies that have large stocks of cheap domestic oil might well

hold down prices temporarily in order to gain a competitive advantage over independents, such as Ashland and Amerada Hess, which must import expensive foreign oil. (The independents would suffer another penalty: the allocation program that forces the majors to share some domestic oil with them would expire along with the controls.) A delay in price boosts would be especially likely if Congress votes to tax away most of the "windfall" profits that oil companies would reap from the increases. President Ford proposed a windfall-profits tax as



"Roll it forward, I say!" "No, no, roll it back!"

part of his program for gradual decontrol. Congress has not yet acted, but Al Ullman, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, said last week that if all controls on oil prices lapse his panel would devote the first two weeks of September to writing a bill and bringing it to the floor.

Sharp Dispute. No one doubts that sooner or later prices would rise sharply. How much of a burden that would place on the economy is in sharp dispute. The Council of Economic Advisers figures that the end of price controls would drain away less than \$10 billion of buying power by the fourth quarter of 1976; congressional estimates run at about \$16 billion. Whatever the amount, it would be nearly equivalent in impact to a tax increase of the same size.

To soften the blow, the Administration intends to drop its \$2 per bbl. tariff on imported oil. Congress is almost sure to extend through next year \$9.4 billion in tax cuts enacted for 1975, and the Administration will have little choice but to go along. Still deeper tax cuts might be needed too. To get them enacted, the White House and Congress would have to muster a far greater willingness to compose their differences than is indicated by the long and sorry record of their wrangling over energy.

Unemployment Down—No Fluke

There was little cheering over last month's report that the unemployment rate had finally dropped, from 9.2% in May to 8.6% in June. The Government labeled the decline a fluke, distorted by imprecise measurements of the number of students entering the job market: experts unanimously predicted a new climb in joblessness during July. Instead, the Labor Department reported last week that the July rate dropped further, to 8.4%, and this time it said that the figure was as exact as statistical techniques can make it. Surprised Administration economists still think the rate might go up again

in August; but even if it does, that will not alter the conclusion, now widely held among economists, that the nation's worst recession since the 1930s is definitely over.

The extent of the improvement in the job market was underscored by some other figures: total employment rose by 634,000, to 85.1 million; the average work week lengthened slightly, and factory overtime unexpectedly increased. An especially heartening factor: unemployment rates dropped most sharply for teenagers, adult women and blacks—precisely the groups whose unemployment rates are highest

Drilling More, Finding Less

If the U.S. is to reduce its dependence on imported petroleum, more than conservation or even development of alternate sources of energy will be needed. The nation must also find new pools of oil at home and drain every possible drop from already known domestic reserves. That has not been happening, and some critics, including former Federal Power Commission Head Lee White and Ralph Nader, charge that the oil industry has had an incentive to drag its feet in order to reduce the supply and force prices still higher. The evidence scarcely supports that accusation: petroleum producers lately have been sinking more holes into American soil than at any time since the mid-1960s. Trouble is, the new wells are not turning up much oil.

Last year the number of wells drilled in the U.S. rose 15% above 1973 to

the recent rapid pace of drilling."

It may well be that there is just not much oil left to be found in the continental U.S., at least not in amounts large enough to justify a pell-mell drilling rate. No one knows for sure, of course, but experts are beginning to wonder. The U.S. Geological Survey recently cut in half its estimate of recoverable oil left in the U.S., to 82 billion bbl. Oil Expert Walter Levy questions whether it makes much sense for oil companies to continue "spending more and more, and finding less and less." Wildcatters will no doubt continue exploring vigorously, but they have accounted for barely half of what little new oil has been found since 1973, and their discoveries are unlikely to have a major impact on the nation's total supply during the next few years. The major producers, meanwhile, seem almost certain

century. Whether their optimism is well founded will not be known until ways are found to overcome environmental and leasing problems and allow the industry to step up its drilling off both coasts. Many experts argue that the U.S. should at least try to determine its offshore potential—and quickly. Says Lichtblau: "The longer we wait, the longer it takes. If we keep postponing, we can write off 1985."

The oil industry has one powerful incentive to swallow its disappointment at the low discovery rate and keep looking hard for crude: all oil from new wells is exempt from federal price controls and sells currently for about \$12.50 per bbl.—versus an average price for domestic crude of \$5.62 in October 1973—and President Ford has vetoed congressional attempts to force a rollback. So the price should be more than enough to make a new well lucrative—provided it is the one in seven that actually hits oil.

U.S. CRUDE



1977 Chart / The Chartmakers Inc.

32,000, but the nation produced 7% fewer barrels per day (8.4 million) than the year before. In the first quarter of 1975, 8,568 wells were drilled, 22% more than during the same quarter in 1974; yet production has shown only a minuscule rise. Although increased drilling has added new oil to the nation's supply, it has not done so fast enough to offset the drain on total proven reserves caused by pumping from old fields (see chart).

Figures due out later this month are expected to show that the drilling rate slackened somewhat during the second quarter, though it remained ahead of 1974. One reason is that oil companies have less money to spend: Congress has eliminated most of their depletion allowance, and their profits have dropped. Exxon, for example, reported a 34.3% decline in net from the second quarter, compared with 1974. But another reason is the discouragingly low rate of discovery. Says Petroleum Industry Research Foundation Executive Director John Lichtblau: "The plain truth is, we just haven't seen any results from

to drill less aggressively in areas where they believe only modest quantities can be found. Says Exxon Executive Vice President W.T. Slick Jr.: "We don't find it economical to drill in isolated locations or for small amounts of oil."

Record Bid. Clearly, the big strikes in the future—if there are any—will be made off the Gulf, Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and in Alaska, both onshore and offshore. Yet some of the most promising offshore sites, like the Destin Anticline off the Gulf Coast of Florida, have proved every bit as disappointing as wells drilled in the continental U.S. In 1973 the Destin fields looked so lucrative that oil companies bid a record \$1.49 billion for leases. After drilling 14 dry holes, Exxon, Shell and three other producers pulled out their rigs, and oilmen now refer to that ill-fated venture as "the Destin Anticlimax." They remain confident that other offshore sites—mainly along the Eastern seaboard and the California coastline—will produce better results, perhaps yielding as much as 2 billion bbl. during the balance of the

OUTLOOK

Weak World Recovery

President Ford's tour through Europe last week gave him no holiday from economic worries. During long meetings in Bonn, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt urged the U.S. to coordinate economic policy more closely with Europe and specifically to avoid any restrictive moves, such as raising interest rates, that could damage the chances for recovery abroad. Later, during the 35-nation European Security Conference in Helsinki, French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing took Ford aside to restate his well-known position that a return to normal economic growth will not be possible without a thorough monetary reform leading to fixed exchange rates for currencies. British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, who now faces sharply rising unemployment (July rate 4.2%) as well as a 26% annual rate of inflation, expressed the hope that improving prospects in the U.S. would boost his country's sagging economy. The Europeans' concern reflected not only the growing economic interdependence of the world's industrialized nations but their declining hopes for a rapid recovery from what has, outside the U.S. also, been the deepest and longest recession since World War II.

The slowdown abroad, to be sure, has been milder than the U.S. recession. Yet as the U.S. economy shows ever more vigorous signs of reanimation, no similar trend is immediately visible in Europe. In the past few months, nearly every government has revised its 1975 growth forecasts downward. The main reason: West Germany's economy, which accounts for fully one-third of the European Community's gross national product, has failed to respond to the expansionary program of tax credits and deficit spending launched by the gov-



VOLKSWAGEN WORKERS PROTESTING THE CLOSING OF A SALZGITTER, WEST GERMANY, PLANT THAT HAD EMPLOYED 3,000
An economy that has failed to respond to the government's program of tax credits and deficit spending.

ernment last fall. Unemployment is holding at record postwar levels (4.4% in June), inflation has begun to rise slightly (to a 6.4% rate), and exports for the first five months of this year have fallen 16% from a year earlier. The simultaneous slowdown in all the world's major economies has caused world trade to decline at an annual rate of about 12% in the first half of 1975—the first drop in more than 20 years.

The industrial nations do expect some sort of recovery. The Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development has predicted a turnaround in West Germany before year's end, a view shared by Bundesbank Vice President Otmar Emminger. Of the

world's major economies, said the OECD, all but Britain and Italy will enjoy real growth in the second half, a trend that will accelerate sharply in 1976 (see chart). To make sure it happens, Schmidt and Giscard agreed a fortnight ago on a joint \$5.5 billion pump-priming effort (\$2 billion to be spent in Germany, \$3.5 billion in France). Japanese Finance Minister Masayoshi Ohira has also promised further steps to stimulate demand. Yet as welcome as that news may be, it will mean little to the 15 million jobless in Europe, Japan and North America. Global unemployment, according to the OECD, will not begin to decline until mid-1976, and it may rise further before then.

Some Doubt. Moreover, the OECD warns, in most countries outside of the U.S. the recovery will be so weak that "there must be some doubt whether it will prove self-sustaining." Inflation may settle at around 6% in the U.S. and West Germany, but elsewhere it will remain higher. In France it should level off at around 9% early next year, in Italy 12.5%, in Japan 8.5%, and in Canada 8%. If Harold Wilson succeeds in curbing the extravagant wage demands of his country's unions, Britain's rate could be reduced to 10% in 1976.

For the moment, other nations can take comfort from the fact that the U.S. will be cooperating with their stimulative plans, though not necessarily by design. If growth forecasts, now in the 7% to 8% range for the fourth quarter, prove correct, the U.S. recovery should spill over, through trade, more rapidly than expected—especially to Canada. Europe should also get a special boost from the spectacular and generally unexpected recovery of the dollar on foreign exchange markets. Reacting to rising interest rates in the U.S., foreign exchange dealers have bid the dollar up 7% to 8% against the major European currencies

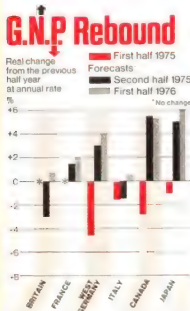
since the beginning of July. For Europeans, that means at least a temporary dulling of the competitive edge that helped push the U.S. trade surplus to a one-month record of \$1.7 billion in June.

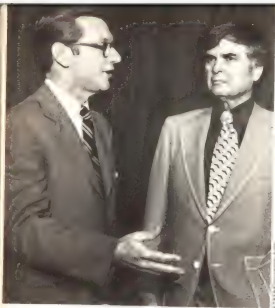
TAXES

Simon for Savings

To encourage Americans to save and invest more of their incomes, Treasury Secretary William Simon last week proposed a sweeping change in the U.S. tax system: meshing reductions in corporate and personal income taxes to eliminate all "double taxation" of dividends. (At present, a company pays tax on its profits, then sends some of the remaining money as dividends to stockholders, who pay tax on it as part of their personal incomes.) Testifying before the House Ways and Means Committee, Simon said that his plan would eventually give corporations and individual investors tax cuts totaling \$14 billion, starting with a \$2.5 billion reduction in 1977. The economy would benefit, said Simon, because the scheme would "permit industry the funds needed for industrial expansion."

The Simon plan would work this way: corporations would receive a tax deduction equal to about 50% of the total amount of dividends they paid out each year. The individual stockholder would report as income not just his dividends, but his share of the company's total profit; however, he would then get a credit representing his share of the tax that the company had already paid. The net effect of this dazzlingly complex change would be to wipe out all taxes on dividends for a stockholder whose personal income tax bracket is 50% or less. The resulting savings, Simon argues, would be a powerful incentive for





SIMON & ULLMAN AT HEARING
A sweeping change.

individuals in all brackets to spend less and invest more of their incomes, thus supplying the economy with badly needed new capital.

Few experts doubt that the U.S. needs to invest more of the national income. Its rate of investment, currently about 15% of gross national product, is one of the lowest in the industrialized world (TIME, July 28). But many liberals doubt that Simon's plan is the right way to go about it. Joseph Pechman, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, says that the Treasury Secretary's proposal "by and of itself will have very little impact on total savings." Pechman contends that Simon's plan should be considered only as a part of a broader tax reform package—one that would make up the \$14 billion loss of revenue to the Treasury by raising the yield from other taxes.

Slim Chances. Democrats on the Ways and Means Committee last week objected strongly to Simon's emphasis on lowering corporate taxes. Said Chairman Al Ullman: "I just simply cannot adjust my thinking to a reduction of corporate rates that would shift the burden further to the individual taxpayers." Another criticism is that Simon's proposed reductions for individual taxpayers would make the tax system less progressive, by giving the biggest benefits to upper-income people, who own more stock and collect more dividends than individuals in the lower brackets.

Simon concedes that his program "is not good politics," and its chances of being adopted by the present liberal Democratic Congress are slim. Still, his proposal should stimulate public debate on a long-neglected issue: how to trigger a faster rate of capital accumulation that would enable the U.S. to finance the myriad private and public investments it must pay for in the next few years.

PRICES

Coffee Nerves

During their winter months of June, July and August, Brazilian coffee-growers observe a time-honored ritual: they spread rumors of crop-killing frosts in hopes of pushing up coffee prices on commodity exchanges. Hence there was nothing out of the ordinary about reports of a "White Friday" last month—except that this time the stories turned out to be true. For the first time since 1943, snow fell in the southern state of Paraná, which produces half of Brazil's coffee. In neighboring São Paulo state, frost damaged 50% to 70% of the coffee trees. The effect on prices was instant. Within a week of the frost, coffee rose from 52¢ to 84¢ per lb. on the London commodities market, as nervous traders rushed to snap up supplies in case of a shortage. In Rio de Janeiro, supermarkets lifted prices 53¢, to \$1.29 per lb. And in the U.S. last week, the General Foods Corp. hiked its wholesale prices for grocery brands (including Maxwell House) by 20¢ per lb. for ground coffee and 3¢ per oz. for freeze-dried and instant. Other wholesalers planned similar increases. Some experts fear the price of a cup of coffee in New York could double to 50¢.

If so, it would be a triumph of panic over economic logic. The snow and frost did not change estimates that Brazil's 1975-76 coffee crop will total 21 million bags, because they damaged only the future ability of coffee trees to bear berries, not the berries hanging on the trees now. Production will indeed drop during the following two crop years; it might be cut in half during 1976-77. Still, no major shortage looks likely. Brazil has reserves of 21 million bags that could be sold to keep exports close to normal levels over the next three years, until newly planted trees yield a crop. Any slack could be taken up by other pro-

ducers, primarily in Colombia, who will benefit greatly from the higher prices. Those prices may enable Brazil to earn \$500 million more on coffee sales in the next twelve months than it would have if there had been no frost.

The shock of White Friday, however, could indirectly reduce Brazil's output over the longer run. The Brazilian government is eager to see coffee planting moved northward, away from the danger of frost, so it may encourage growers in Paraná and São Paulo to switch to soybeans. But if new areas of cultivation do not open up quickly, Brazil's exportable crop, which accounted for 32% of the world coffee trade in 1974-75, could fall drastically.

RAILROADS

Conrail's 'Final Plan'

For the past 18 months, federal planners have been wrestling with the problem of how to make the bankrupt Northeastern rail system once more efficient and profitable. In February, the U.S. Railway Association—a Government cure-seeker created by the Regional Rail Reorganization Act—issued its preliminary plan for a Government-backed corporation that would consolidate about 15,000 miles of the old Penn Central and half a dozen other bankrupt lines. That plan was much criticized by politicians. New York Governor Hugh Carey called it "utterly unacceptable."

Last week the rail planners tried again. They submitted a revised "final plan" to Congress that becomes effective automatically in 60 working days unless lawmakers derail it. That is not likely. Conrail already has the support of rail management and unions, as well as backing from such big shippers as General Motors and Bethlehem Steel. Some Congressmen are still opposed because rail lines in their districts will be

DERAILMENT ON POORLY MAINTAINED ERIE-LACKAWANNA TRACKS IN SCRANTON, PA.



dropped. But opposition generally is poorly organized, and Conrail is expected to begin operations on schedule next February.

In their changes from the plan of six months ago, USRA strategists restored some of the lightly used trackage they had proposed to eliminate, while still lopping off about 5,000 miles to improve efficiency. The planners also moved to create competition for Conrail from prosperous roads.

Not Enough. The revised plan offered something, too, to the bankrupt lines' creditors. USRA-backed "certificates of value" will ensure that Conrail's securities, to be issued in exchange for the properties, hold their worth. That was not enough for some Penn Central bondholders. At a meeting last week in New York, they insisted that USRA was vastly understating the value of Penn Central properties and vowed a court fight to get a fair return. As USRA's offer stands now, the entire Penn Central system, with an estimated market worth of \$7.4 billion, would be valued for the takeover at \$471 million—or what it would sell for if it were turned into scrap.

Any court battle, though, will not delay Conrail's debut. The consolidated system will stretch westward from the Eastern seaboard through 15 states to St. Louis, hauling more than a third of Northeastern freight. During the next decade, Conrail would spend \$1.84 billion in taxpayers' money and another \$4.2 billion of its own earnings and funds from private investors for rehabilitation of the badly maintained and accident-prone system; it would lay 540 miles of new track a year and replace 3.4 million ties (in June, derailment of seven cars of an Erie-Lackawanna freight train in Scranton, Pa., which was attributed to the poor condition of the tracks, tied up traffic on the line for the better part of a day). If all goes as USRA plans, Conrail will survive losses of \$631 million during its first three years, break into the black by 1979, and turn a profit of \$597 million by 1985. Dividends, however, will be a long time in coming. On preferred stock, none would be paid until 1986. For common stock, the projected year is 2017.

it, and last week the bank's general assembly accepted his resignation.

Carli chose his moment well. A year ago, Italy was on the edge of bankruptcy—the victim of higher oil prices and mismanagement by a succession of governments. Since then, the situation has improved dramatically. Italy's balance of payments deficit narrowed from \$4.5 billion in the first half of 1974 to \$493 million in the same period this year, inflation has been more than halved (to an annual rate of 10%), and the lira is holding steady. The main reason: tough measures dictated by Carli, including a tight credit policy (interest rates up to 20%), higher taxes and fuel prices, and temporary import restrictions.

It was the kind of rescue Carli had pulled off before, and the strain of dealing with crises apparently left him with a feeling that he had gone stale in his

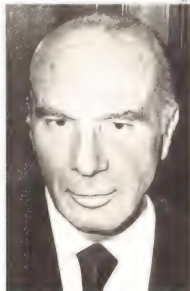
part whose views are not known to differ from Carli's. The others are Rinaldo Ossola, 61, a former chairman of the International Monetary Fund's Group of Ten, who is credited with the invention of Special Drawing Rights, and Mario Ercolani, also 61, until now head of the bank's foreign exchange operations. The new team appears to have won the approval of Italy's business community. Says Tire Maker Leopoldo Pirelli: "While one regrets that Carli is leaving, his successors represent the best solution." For his part, Carli vows that he will not follow the customary practice of lingering in the bank's corridors as an honorary governor. Instead, some observers suggest, he may become a politician.

FRAUD

Embezzler's Guide

Readers of the *Harvard Business Review* are normally fed a strict diet of numbingly staid articles on management techniques and policies. In the current issue, however, they were served a shockingly unbusinesslike change of pace: the "Embezzler's Guide to the Computer," a 6,800-word how-to-steal article that details the ins and outs of swindling banks and corporations by tampering with their computers. Written by University of Virginia Professor Brandt Allen, a consultant to the FBI on computer fraud, "Embezzler's Guide" offers aspiring thieves encouragement ("There is a great deal of embezzlement that goes undetected") and dozens of helpful tips. For example: "Always be on the watch for special circumstances that create opportunities for fraud, such as when a company converts from manual processing to a computer system or switches from one system to another." Other suggestions: "Do not ignore inventories as a possible source of revenue. In many cases, it is easier to convert goods to cash than it is fraudulent checks." Also, "One of the most elegant frauds in the pension area... involves changing the address of a legitimate beneficiary to that of the embezzler or an accomplice at the time of the beneficiary's death. It is best to select beneficiaries with no life insurance."

The *Harvard Business Review* decided to run "Embezzler's Guide" to stimulate readers' thinking about how to cope with computer fraud, but *IFB* Editor Ralph Lewis reports that the only response so far has been a few chuckles. Author Allen doubts that his "Embezzler's Guide" will trigger any sudden increase in crime. Says he: "The people who are in a position to do this know what needs to be done anyway." But he admits that he would "feel bad if somebody got caught embezzling as a result of something he read in the article." Adds Allen: "Naturally, I'd feel worse if he weren't caught."



BANK OF ITALY GOVERNOR CARLI
A regretted exit.

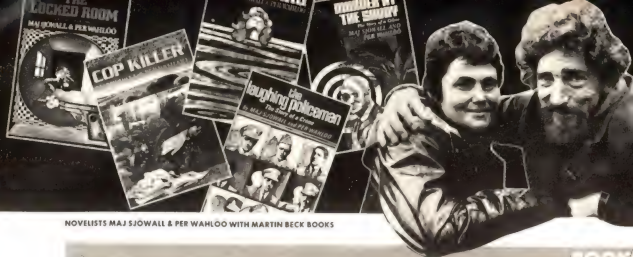
job. Born in the northern Italian city of Brescia, he was educated as an academic economist, but switched to banking when he discovered in 1937 that he could become a professor only by taking the job of a Jew who had been sacked by the Fascists. At the Bank of Italy, Carli learned to shrug off criticism: for a central banker, he once said, "the first quality is to be cold-blooded." But he obviously tired of the role. On the wall behind his desk hangs a portrait of St. Sebastian tied to a stake and riddled with arrows: Carli often compared the martyr's fate to his own, adding that the only difference was "that he's bound and I'm not." A few months ago, he told an interviewer that "one of the biggest ills in Italy is the immobility of top people in the world of economics and politics."

Carli's replacement will be a triumvirate headed by his longtime deputy, Paolo Baffi, 64, a retiring monetary ex-

ITALY

Departure of a Symbol

Guido Carli, it has often been said, is the Italian economy. In 14 years as governor of his country's central bank, he became the embodiment of economic responsibility, rescuing Italy from three near fatal crises and earning for the Bank of Italy a reputation as one of the few Italian institutions that function properly. So, when Carli, 61, announced in May that he intended to quit, few people believed it—especially since he added that he had been trying on and off to do so since 1970. But he did mean



NOVELISTS MAJ SJÖWALL & PER WAHLÖÖ WITH MARTIN BECK BOOKS

Martin Beck Passes

COP KILLER

by MAJ SJÖWALL and PER WAHLÖÖ
296 pages. Pantheon, \$7.95.

At the beginning of *The Laughing Policeman*, a Stockholm bus is found with eight people sitting in their seats, all shot to death. For thriller readers, a parallel tragedy has just struck. Last month Per Wahlöö died at 48 of pancreatic disease. Since his widow does not intend to continue their Martin Beck series, the literary toll seems higher than the one in the bus. It is as if an entire family of friends were abruptly wiped out. Few thriller writers have interwoven so many good recurring characters with their plots; only the late Margery Allingham comes to mind.

One thinks first of Beck himself, chief (since *The Abominable Man*) of Sweden's National Homicide Squad. A laconic fellow with bad digestion and a fear of flying, he has only two diversions: building model boats and working jigsaw puzzles. In *The Man on the Balcony*, Beck considers his close associates: "He disliked Gunnvald Larsson and had no high opinion of Rönn. He had no high opinion of himself either for that matter." That is one of Beck's few mistakes in judgment. The dyspeptic, broody official is that rarest creation: an ideal policeman.

Keystone Klutzes. His best friend, Lennart Kollberg, is nearly as important to the series as Beck. Kollberg is a paunchy, garrulous perfectionist. Like Holmes and Hercule Poirot, he deeply believes that "chance has no part in police work"—but his hunches tend to be inspired. These two are supported by a sturdy cast: Fredrik Melander, who has a prodigious memory and spends much of his day in the bathroom; Gunnvald Larsson, an impetuous dropout from what he calls "upper-class riffraff"; Einar Rönn, who writes execrable official reports. Per Månsson, who is chief in

Malmö, where trouble often occurs (and where the Wahlöö's lived). Finally, there are the Keystone Klutzes, Kvant and Kristiansson—patrolmen stuck with each other because neither can get along with anyone else. They impede every investigation, but when Kvant is killed in *The Abominable Man*, the authors award Kristiansson a virtually identical replacement called Kvastmo.

These characters do more than provide incidental entertainment. Kollberg's sexy wife Gun, Larsson's billingsgate, Beck's wretched rides on the subway are points of reference and stability in books that have become increasingly radical.

The early ones, such as *Roseanna* (1967) and *The Man on the Balcony* (1968), are about sex crimes against innocent people. In later books the victims are as villainous as the killer. In *Murder at the Savoy* (1971), a tycoon is shot during an after-dinner speech, his death mask etched in mashed potatoes. He turns out to have been a major white-collar crook with, among other things, a far-flung gunrunning empire. The eponymous Abominable Man is, of all things, a police superintendent. After someone slices the man in half with a bayonet, Beck compiles an appalling dossier of his brutalities. Many instances are easily available in the Ombudsman's files, all marked "No action."

Before starting the Martin Beck series, Per Wahlöö was a prolific writer of both novels and journalism—much of it markedly leftist. His wife Maj Sjöwall, 39, is also a journalist and poet. The Wahlöö's called their work total collaboration, but for the most part, the terse prose in the Beck books is resonant of Wahlöö's earlier fiction.

The cooperative venture is most profoundly felt in their personal, acrid critique of Sweden's bourgeois welfare state. The Wahlöö's command of police procedure has always been formidable, but they have a deep knowledge of more elusive territory: the people for whom so-

cialism does not work. The books are full of divorced women who cannot get jobs because there is no room for the children in day-care centers and piable alcoholics chased from park to park by patrolmen who cannot think of anything better to do. In *The Locked Room* (1973), probably the best book in the series, Beck ruminates about Sweden, which has problems surprisingly similar to those of capitalistic countries: "The so-called welfare state abounds with sick, poor and lonely people, living best on dog food, who are left uncared for until they die in their rathole apartments." In fact, the Wahlöö's delight pointing out that supermarkets store ropon upon row of pet food for just the consumers.

Mentholated Toothpick. The mysteries also follow a growing public distrust of police. As a little girl, Beck's daughter boasts about her daddy, a teen-ager, she keeps quiet about her work. The cops, all in middle age, feel their lives no longer have definition. The police force has been nationalized, structured, streamlined—and paralyzed. Recruits are fewer and worse each year. In *The Locked Room*, the major criminals escape conviction, and Beck loses a promotion—not that he is sure he wants it—because the results of his painstaking investigation are simply not believed by the technocrats who have become his superiors.

The new book, *Cop Killer*, is in some ways an exercise in nostalgia. Much of the plot concerns a man who killed an American girl, Roseanna McGraw, in the first book and who may or may not have committed another similar crime. At the time of *Cop Killer*, Wahlöö knew he was dying; he and Maj completed just one more book, as yet untranslated. Unfortunately, few of their works are likely to make their way to the screen. The sole film adaptation of *The Laughing Policeman*, starring Walter Matthau, might have been made by Kvant and Kristiansson. As time passes, the novel

els will probably be taken more seriously as literature because of their biting social comment and the shrewdness with which it animates the plots.

But mystery lovers, a sentimental, savoring lot, will miss less portentous things. There are, for instance, the times when the Wahlöös kid their Swedish publisher, Norstedt, in print. Or funny throwaway scenes like Beck's feverish preparation for a dinner party that he gives to mark the end of his 18-year marriage. Or even Larsson's mentholated toothpick. There was a rumor that Beck dies in the just completed book. The only consolation that can be offered now is that he does not.

■ Martha Duffy

Doubleheader

NICE GUYS FINISH LAST

by LEO DUROCHER with ED LINN
448 pages, Simon & Schuster, \$9.95.

A FALSE SPRING

by PAT JORDAN
277 pages, Dodd, Mead, \$7.95.

Leo Durocher might be remembered as the greatest shortstop of his generation (1928-42). He could be celebrated as the manager who was to baseball what Humphrey Bogart was to movies. His wild four-decade career was marked by fights with bleacherites, tantrums with umpires and owners, marital misadventures and a one-season suspension for consorting with known gamblers. Yet if Leo the Lip is to be recalled by future generations, it may be for his signal contribution to literature. There he

sits in *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, sandwiched between John Betjeman and W.H. Auden: "Nice guys finish last. Leo Durocher (1906-)." As Durocher marches toward the close of the parenthesis, he recalls the flaky, competitive career that made him, for millions of fans, the man they loved to hate.

According to Durocher, that reputation, like stadium hot dogs, is highly adulterated. By his own witness, he is a man with a heart as big as the Astrodome. To be sure, Leo is of the Vince Lombardi persuasion: "Show me a good loser in professional sports," he declares, "and I'll show you an idiot." But having thumbd sportsmanship out of the game, the Lip spends the rest of his book atoning for his early excesses—by introducing some worse ones.

As he now recollects, he was a family man, an inspirational leader who could exhort his players in a style that might make Pat O'Brien misty. His enemies, claims Leo, were transient, his friendships permanent. Sidney Weil, onetime owner of the Cincinnati Reds, with whom the Lip did many a dubious battle, is "the nicest, kindest man I have ever known." Ed Barrow of the Yankees, a notorious Durocher rival, is "the best friend I had in baseball." Branch Rickey, another erstwhile enemy, is "the great man" in Leo's life.

Prose-Colored Glasses. In between such revisionist histories, *Nice Guys Finish Last* provides a series of fascinating and hilarious reminiscences, ranging from his locker-room wrangle with Babe Ruth to Bobby Thomson's shot heard round the world. But essentially the book is a series of prose-colored glosses aimed for fans rather than readers.

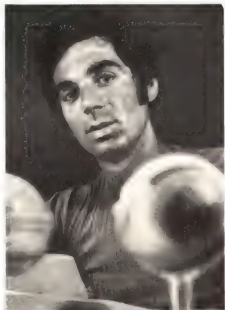
Durocher may be right: nice guys often end as also-rans—but they seem to write better baseball books. Pat Jordan, a frequent contributor to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, is a failure by all professional baseball standards. But it is in the dissection of that failure that his book discloses the dimensions of a man and a game. The young pitcher's career was the polar opposite of Durocher's. A native of Bridgeport, Conn., Jordan was a spectacular Little Leaguer; by the time he reached high school, the Milwaukee Braves awarded him a \$35,000 bonus. Sent to the Braves' farm club in McCook, Neb., Jordan saw himself as the world's new Christy Mathewson. The world had other plans. In his first professional game, he struck out four batters—and walked five.

That debut was typical of Jordan's career, played out in the melancholy minor league towns of Davenport, Iowa; Waycross, Ga.; and Palatka, Fla. The games, Jordan notes, seemed to have a will of their own, and the will was to lose. After a long series of catastrophic starts, Jordan finally admitted that his confidence, his control and his aspirations had come to nothing. "My career was no aesthetically well-made movie,"

he confesses, "rising action, climax, denouement. It was a box strewn with unnumbered slides."

Among those slides are poignant glimpses of the baseball that viewers have rarely seen before. There are the 400 hitters who somehow never make the majors, and the 200 hitters who do. There is the strange case of the black athlete who could do everything—run, steal, hit, field—but who ducked from an inside pitch a microsecond too soon. His fear was his tragic flaw; beanball pitchers got the message and within a season drove the man from the game.

The most compelling slides concern Jordan himself, losing his stuff but finding himself in the seedy, rundown parks of the minors. Surrounding him are other, less hopeful cases: men disputing the evidence of the statistics, making one last effort to reach the big time. "We deliberately kept our conversations ele-



EX-PITCHER PAT JORDAN

The world had other plans.

mental," Jordan recalls in *A False Spring*. "We deliberately thwarted growth because we feared it would lead to the realization, not that our dream was insignificant, but just that it was not significant enough to excuse our wasting all that time." Inevitably Jordan lost not merely games but his "perpetual innocence, the dream of playing a little boy's game for the rest of my life."

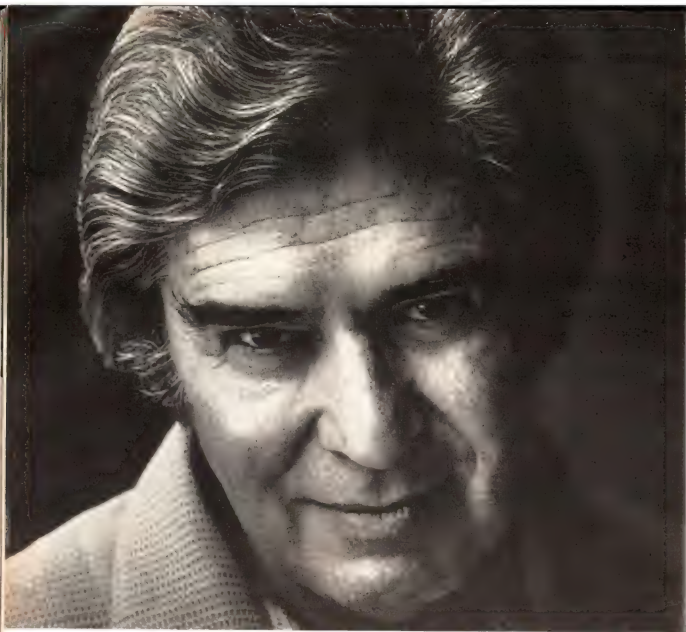
The description of that loss is a metaphor for many youthful aspirations, not all of them athletic. Moreover, his loss is the reader's gain, for out of Ex-Pitcher Jordan's experience has come one of the best and truest books about baseball, and about coming to maturity in America. Leo Durocher's book is worth reading. Pat Jordan's book is worth remembering.

■ Peter Stoler

DUROCHER NEGOTIATING WITH UMPIRE (1941)



DUROCHER NEGOTIATING



For 22 years, this man has done his business in a 2x3 inch space.

Actually, for photographer Bernie Birndorf of Grand Rapids, Michigan, it's not a problem but a solution. Since he works from his home, he's never had a storefront to display his wares. Or to get walk-in business. So all along, he's maintained a display ad in the Yellow Pages.



yellow pages

Year after year, it's kept business coming in. Last year, one call paid for his entire ad. With over a billion fingers doing the walking each year, the Yellow Pages makes sense for businesses like Bernie's. If you don't have a business location, locate your business in the Yellow Pages.

LANAHAN—CHICAGO SUN-TIMES



CHICAGO'S JOHN CARDINAL CODY

A Cardinal Besieged

In 1965, when John Cody arrived by train to become Archbishop of Chicago, he was greeted by the governor, the mayor, a crowd of well-wishers and three brass bands. Cody came to town with a reputation as the tough-minded, hard-driving archbishop who had quickly raised millions of dollars for parochial-school expansion in Kansas City, Mo., and later pushed through the racial integration of Roman Catholic schools in New Orleans. Lately the brass bands have been silent. The same stubborn streak that won Cody his early acclaim gradually worked against him in the nation's biggest archdiocese, which has 2.5 million parishioners.

As bishops elsewhere, in the spirit of the Second Vatican Council, were becoming more approachable, Cody seemed to many priests to grow ever more remote and authoritarian. He did, however, accomplish a good deal. He rejuvenated the Catholic Charities program, established a pension fund and medical insurance for priests and lay employees, and created a Priests' Senate to consult with him. But as one of its members complained last week, "What is the purpose of consultation if the cardinal chooses to ignore everything that is recommended to him?"

Last May Cody's announcement that he was closing four parochial schools in black neighborhoods brought to a head long-simmering dissatisfaction with his administration. Given his New Orleans record and the fact that the cardinal has allocated \$21 million in

subsidies to various projects in Chicago's inner city, it was ironic that he ran around over black education. It was not the decision itself that caused the trouble. Enrollment at the schools had been dwindling steadily, and Cody argued that the costs had become prohibitive. One thing that upset some priests was that the school shutdowns came four months after Cody had unveiled a closed-circuit educational-TV network for the archdiocese that cost \$4 million to build and will take \$750,000 a year to run. At the time, the cardinal told reporters that there were plenty of surplus funds around. More infuriating was the manner in which Cody acted, not even consulting the Priests' Senate or the archdiocesan school board, whose constitution, approved by Cody in 1972, gives it a say in such matters.

A Tyrant Imposed. When priestly, lay and neighborhood groups protested, Cody sent an aide to the June meeting of the Priests' Senate to read a statement saying flatly that "in the law of the Catholic Church, in each diocese, there is but one authority—the Ordinary"—that is, the bishop in charge.

This I-am-the-law approach was too much for the Priests' Senate and the Association of Chicago Priests, an independent group that has tangled with the cardinal before. The association's leaders declared, "In the ultimate analysis, we are not working for Cardinal Cody. We work for the Lord and for his people, especially for the poor." The protest was joined by acid-penned Sociologist and Journalist Father Andrew Greeley, who wrote in the July-August issue of the association's newsletter that Cody is a "madcap tyrant who has been imposed upon us . . . Manly, forthright and honest dialogue" has failed, he said, and all that can be hoped for now is Cody's removal by higher-ups. "The days of the present administration may well be numbered," wrote Greeley. "Its madness is well known in other parts of the church. One cannot imagine that higher ecclesiastical authorities will permit it to last much longer."

At least 20 priests are known to have written Rome about the problem, and the officers of the Priests' Senate have discussed various kinds of appeals. They decided that the uproar from such tactics would only harm the church. Senate President Raymond Goedert, a nationally recognized expert on canon law who has emerged as the major counterforce to Cody in Catholic Chicago, seems to be advocating some such action however. "It is my opinion," he wrote to members of the senate, "that we are faced with a pastoral problem of serious proportion, and the only way to a peaceful solution would be through the help of higher authority."

The school board, in charge of the city's 478 parochial schools, is equally perturbed. Its chairman, Management Consultant Vito Petruzelli, sent to Chicago-area parishioners a letter saying that Cody had "systematically suppressed" the board and had made false statements to it in two instances. Unless Cody responds to its satisfaction, the school board is threatening to suspend itself indefinitely in protest when it meets this week. The Priests' Senate may do the same in September.

Cody, 67, would normally stay in office until he is 75. If pressures against him continue to build, the Vatican will probably move slowly and very reluctantly and give him, perhaps, a post in Rome. The cardinal, who had a mild heart attack in May, has been on a vacation since June 30, and only his closest associates know his whereabouts. They say he will be back in town some time soon to take charge of what is, by all accounts, a deteriorating situation.

Cope-and-Dagger Stories

Businessmen, students, journalists, even Mafiosi have all, it seems, been used by the CIA for its various overseas operations. Has the CIA also extended its reach to the church? Many missionaries, particularly in Latin America, have regularly, and falsely, been accused of having CIA ties. Last week religious periodicals around the U.S. were car-

SWANSON—NATIONAL CATHOLIC REPORTER, KANSAS CITY, MO.



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF CLERGYMAN SPY

RELIGION

rying new allegations that certain churchmen had either given information to the CIA or received money from it for propaganda purposes. Most of the charges came from two articles, distributed by the National Catholic News Service, written by an inveterate CIA foe, John D. Marks, author with Victor Marchetti of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence* (TIME, April 22, 1974).

Marks interviewed more than 30 church and CIA sources, most of whom insisted upon anonymity and made veiled accusations. A typical charge was that during the '60s CIA funds had been channeled into a Catholic-run anti-Communist radio network in Colombia. Another allegation: 15 years ago, a Protestant missionary in Bolivia, "as a patriotic duty and not for pay," gave reports to the CIA about the Communist Party, labor unions and farmers' cooperatives. At least one nun in Colombia, an ex-agent says, meticulously compiled an account of the political affiliation of each family in a village; it went to the CIA. According to Marks' report, another ex-agent claimed that a Roman Catholic bishop in South Viet Nam was "on the CIA's payroll" as recently as 1971. A knowledgeable Vatican source, informed of this charge, stoutly maintained that no bishop would ever knowingly take CIA money, even for good purposes, much less be "on the payroll."

Boasted of Money. Marks provided the most detail about a Belgian Jesuit priest named Roger Vekemans, who arrived in Chile in 1957 and founded a network of social-action organizations, one of which grew to have 100 employees and a \$30-million-a-year budget. In 1963, Marks reported, Vekemans boasted to Father James Vizzard, now Washington lobbyist for the United Farm Workers, of getting money from the CIA. After a meeting with President Kennedy and CIA Director John McCone, Vekemans had dinner with Vizzard in Washington and said with a grin: "I got \$10 million—\$5 million overt and \$5 million covert." The first half was from the Agency for International Development, he explained, and the second half was from the CIA, largely to help Eduardo Frei beat Marxist Salvador Allende in the next presidential election. Vekemans, who has now shifted his base of operations to Bogotá, refused to give his version of the tale last week.

Whatever is later substantiated about Marks' cope-and-dagger stories, TIME's sources report that the CIA as a matter of policy only rarely tries to make any contact in the field with U.S. missionaries. Over the years, as it did with certain other travelers, the agency interviewed a number of returning missionaries about conditions in the countries they had left. Several Protestant and Catholic mission boards are now discussing whether to direct their people to have no contact at all with the CIA—a policy that the pacifist Church of the Brethren established last October.



ISRAEL'S CHIEF RABBI GOREN

Tidings

► The tiny community of Uniates in Greece, who follow Orthodox practices but accept the supremacy of the Pope, has long been an irritant to the Greek Orthodox primate. When the Uniate bishop died earlier this year, Greece's Archbishop Seraphim, whose church's relations with the Vatican have been improving, let it be known that he wanted the Pope to appoint a mere administrator rather than a bishop to head the Uniate church. Last week, however, Pope Paul rejected the idea and named another bishop to the office. The furious Seraphim declared this to be an "ecclesiastical scandal" and suspended all relations with the Vatican "until such time as I see evidence that Rome respects the Church of Greece." Seraphim has authority only over the Orthodox Church in Greece, not in any other nation. Nevertheless, Vatican officials expressed concern that

the dispute would strengthen the hand of other Orthodox elements that oppose the recently improved ecumenical relations with Rome.

► Just short of *herem* (excommunication) in the Judaic tradition is *niddui* (ostracism), the shunning of a wrongdoer by the whole community. Some extreme Orthodox sects still engage in the practice, but it has otherwise fallen into disuse. Last week, however, *niddui* was proclaimed against Rabbi Shlomo Lorincz, a member of parliament, by Israel's Chief Rabbinate.*

Lorincz's offense was that during a parliamentary debate he had compared the chief Ashkenazy rabbi, Shlomo Goren, to Uganda's President Idi Amin, a notorious anti-Semite. "We are sitting in Jerusalem, the city of the Torah, and not in Kampala," remarked Lorincz as he accused Goren of autocratic tactics in appointing religious judges. The rabbinate's decree cited the 12th century philosopher Maimonides' advocacy of a ban against "he who shames a scholar." Lorincz offered a Talmudic citation in reply: "Where God's name is put to shame, there is no obligation to pay respect to the rabbi." The decree orders the "whole House of Israel" not to eat, drink, talk or pray with the outcast. But far from being ostracized, he was soon receiving a stream of well-wishers. Said one member of parliament: "Declaring someone ostracized today is just empty mouthing. The rabbinate is behaving as if it were living a hundred years ago."

*The Chief Rabbinate consists of the chief rabbi of the Ashkenazim (descendants of Middle European Jews), the chief rabbi of the Sephardim (descendants of Jews from the Iberian peninsula), plus other high-ranking rabbis.

MILESTONES

Died. Gary Sanders, 25, popular pro golfer; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Buea Park, Calif. At 16, Sanders won the U.S. Junior Amateur Golf Championship, then turned pro after college and earned \$22,665 during last year's tour, which included a victory in Florida's Amelia Island Open. He was competing in the Western Open in June when he learned he had lymph-gland cancer, which was thought to be unrelated to his death.

Died. Dr. Edward T. Tyler, 62, gynecological researcher whose work helped to develop the Pill; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. As medical director of the Los Angeles Planned Parenthood center, Tyler ran many early studies of oral contraceptives, and investigated such variants as anti-pregnancy "vaccines" and a male sperm suppressor. He also tested the fertility drugs that have sharply reduced sterility and made multiple pregnancies common.

Died. Hyman Kraft, 76, playwright and author; of complications arising from injuries suffered when he was struck by a bicycle; in Manhattan. Kraft wrote his first play at 33, later collaborated with Theodore Dreiser on the screenplay for *An American Tragedy* and became a journeyman playwright of comedies and musicals, among them *Café Crown* and *Top Banana*, a caustic, dizzy homage to comedy that Phil Silvers made into a hit in 1951.

Died. Leigh Whipper, 98, veteran black character actor; in Manhattan. Among his early parts was a role in an 1898 production of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in which he sang *Old Black Joe*. After serving in the Spanish-American War, Whipper spent 74 years in character roles in plays and films like *Porgy and Of Mice and Men*. In 1920 he became the first black member of the Actors Equity Association, which did not know his color when he was admitted.



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